

T H E
Life, Travels, and Adventures,
O F
CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF,
G E N T L E M A N,
Grandfather to TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Originally published

In the latter End of the last CENTURY.

INTERSPERSED WITH
A suitable VARIETY of MATTER,
By the EDITOR.

The whole being intended as a full and final Answer
to every thing that has been, or shall be, written
in the OUT-OF-THE-WAY WAY.

Neque quid, neque quantum, neque quale, neque aliquid eorum
quibus ens determinatur. HEBER. XX ARIST.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. HINXMAN, in Paternoster Row.
M.DCC.LXH.

T H E

Life, Travels, and Adventures
of
Life, Travels, and Adventures

CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF,
GENTLEMAN,
Grandmaster of the Order of the Knights of the Temple.

Originally published A.D.

In the latter End of the 18th Century.

INTERSPERSED WITH

A suitable Vocabularies
MATTER
CONTAINS
FOUR



The whole being
to every thing that has been, or shall be, written
in the 18th century, and of my
volume (which you know was
before this great work was
mind it. (Mills) Explanations, came in
my head; and is placed was I will
the found of it. I must be at the
pieces of another paragraph to tell you
Printed for J. H. K. M. A. N. in the
M.DCC.LXXI.

T H E

Life, Travels, and Adventures,

CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF,

GENTLEMAN,

Grandfather to TRISTRAM SHANDY.

C H A P. I.

*Contains the editor's PROLEGOMENA to
the second volume.*

I Was almost got to the end of my *first* volume (which, you know, was my *last*) before this excellent word, (only mind it, Mifs,) *Prolegomena*, came into my head; and, so pleased was I with the sound of it, (I must be at the expence of another *parenthesis* to tell you I

am a perfect adept in *Thomics*) that, had it not been for the danger of drawing all the gentlemen of the *quill* upon my back, (whether I mean *critics*, or *clerks to attornies*, you may guess for me) I had certainly wrote a chapter upon it at the conclusion of the volume aforesaid. For, Madam, you must know this word, notwithstanding the antiquity and nobleness of its extraction, (it being by descent a *Grecian*) and the wonderful coalescence of strength and sweetness in its pronunciation, hath not really one single grain more of sense or importance in it than *Preface*, or *Introduction*. Now, Madam, you must be sensible, either of these would make but an indifferent appearance at the *end* of a book. And so I shall make no farther apology for placing my *Prolegomena* *here*.——

But why *here*, Sir? Your *Prolegomena* have no more business *here*, than they had *there*; your work is but one work, tho' you should continue it thro' twenty volumes;

volumes; and consequently whatever your wisdom, or your necessity might suggest to you to say in its favour, should all have been said previously to the work itself. Sir, a preface any where after the first sheet of volume the first, is, 'I must tell you, locally ridiculous and absurd.

Madam, I have precedents —

I do not know a single one that affects your case.

Then Madam, I must aver that an extraordinary case supercedes all ordinary rules, and he that can't find a precedent, must make one. — Besides, it is apparent, or will be however upon a little enquiry, that a *second* volume doth, *as such*, stand in particular need of an apologetical page or two, or three, or more, according to the exigence of the writer. — To number *one* we are strongly attached both by nature and education; and yet there is such an unaccountable fatality against number *two*, or a *second* any thing, which

is the very next-door neighbour to it, as is not to be equalled in the case of any given number of integers in the whole province of arithmetic. Almost every thing vile, derogatory, and despicable, is affixed to the idea of it.—I would no more purchase a horse that always was known to come in *second*, than I would one that never saved his distance.—Doth any gentleman of taste or reputation buy a coat in *Monmouth-Street*, or a wig in *Middle-Row*?—And why not, but because these pieces of personal furniture are at those places to be had only at *second* hand? If a man is beaten by his wife, or any other adversary, or happens to fall into a ditch, or to break his shins against a bench, &c. &c. &c. he will presently be told by some sneering rascal, that he came off *second* best.—In short, a *second* in fighting, a *second* rate man of war, the *Scottish* gift of *second* sight, now and then a *second* course at dinner, and, in a few instances, *second* thoughts accepted,

cepted, no number doth import mean-
ness and inferiority, like the unfortunate
one or rather *two* under present confide-
ration.—And the misfortune is, the pre-
judices and prepossessions against it, I
had almost said aversions to it, are re-
markably strong in most literary cases.
—It is generally taken for granted, the
second part of an historical ballad or any
performance whatsoever falls infinitely
short of the *first*.—The *answer*, or, as
it may be properly called, the *second* part
to a love-song, is never read with half
the delight and complacency which the
said song originally gave, or *primarily*,
if you think that word better adapted
to this place.—Indeed we have striking
examples of the *real* or *reputed* inferiority
of *second* parts in the productions of wri-
ters of the first magnitude in the lear-
ned world.

Stop, stop—a writer of magnitude!
—Let's see—*magnifico*,—*magnifier*,—
magnify—, O here it is—*magnitude*—

1. *Greatness; grandeur.* *Milton.*

2. *Comparative bulk.* *Raleigh. Newton.*

— I thought there was no *authority* for that expression.— O editor, editor, lie upon thee—

O *Johnson, Johnson*, thou hast made (I hope thou wilt never spoil) many a critic.— And so I proceed to *facts*.—

What do you think of Mr. *Pope's* *Odyssey*, which is the *second* part of his *Homer*; or the continuation or *second* part of Mr. *Gay's* *Beggar's Opera*, or of the *second* part of the celebrated *John Bunyan's* *Pilgrim's Progress*, or of the *Paradise regained* of the much more celebrated *John Milton*?—Do not these things make you sick of *second* parts?—I have heard of a discourse, or treatise, or essay, or something, written by one *Thomas Aquinas*, and entitled, *Secunda Secundæ*!—Such an impudent *duplicate* of *seconds* is most abominable. I'll never believe there is a tolerable sentence in the whole book.— And now, gentle reader, in a situation so

uncom-

uncomfortable as this, what shall I say by way of recommendation of this *second* volume? How shall I subdue thy prejudices, or allure thy favourable opinion? Shall I tell thee I have taken more pains in compiling and digesting it, than the other cost me? shall I assure thee this volume was really written *first*, altho' it be printed last?—No—I scorn such shifts and artifices as these.—I know but one rule of dealing for *couples* of any kind; *i. e.* to be contented to take them as they come.—It is a thousand to one, a *married couple* are not exactly fellows.

— 'Tis strange you can't let men and their wives alone.—This is not the first time.—

Pray, do not be angry, my dear conjugated Sir;—I *mean* no reflection upon you.—

Of a *couple* of fowls, 'tis odds but the one be old, and the other young. Of a *couple* of rabbits one shall be fat and the other

other lean. And the like may be said of any animal *couple* in the known world. — Now, Sir, apply these remarks to a *couple* of books; and when you have read over *both* these volumes, and will be so kind as to point out to me the several faults of *either*, I will endeavour to do something towards your satisfaction hereafter, by amending them *all* in that only desirable *second* to a needy writer, a *second* edition.

C H A P. II.

Which the editor dedicates, with the remainder of this book, to all silly folk, and those who read novels and romances, both in town and country.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, — of all ages, sizes, complexions, and denominations,

AS singular as this address may seem, I am induced to it by a motive as general as possible; it being a principle common

common to all authors to secure, by the best means they may, a *numerous*, and *powerful* party in their favour.—I must confess indeed, I ought, in point of prudence as well as good-manners, to have paid my compliments dedicatory to you long before; but your *good-nature* will permit me to urge that plea in excuse of my neglect, which is upon all occasions your own standing apology, viz. that I really *did not think* of it.—

You will now however (as it is not yet too late) give me leave humbly to solicit *your* countenance and protection; which alone can secure from, or rather render me invulnerable by, the attacks of my literary enemies.—For tho' *r-g-es* and *r-sc-ls* in high station may be, upon many accounts, serviceable to other members of the community, yet *f--ls* only are the men, or the women, for *us modern authors*. No performance of *our's* can possibly gain its *ends* but through *your* kind patronage and encouragement, be they
what

what they will, or as many as they may be.—Now a book in general, you know, has indeed four *ends*; which are more than a fiddle-stick has, by two. The first is,—the reader's instruction; the second, his entertainment; the third, the author's reputation or literary character; the fourth, the benefit or profit of the same. The first of these, if *we* do not wholly disavow, *we* very rarely at least accomplish, and that but accidentally as it were and collaterally; the second, *we* easily enough effect, when we can once get ourselves acquainted with *your tastes* and the measure of *your apprehensions*; the third, *we* utterly disclaim, having no desire of preserving *our* names except in the parish register, and conceiving other notions of those worthy gentlemen who shall be, than to suppose a work calculated for *your present* amusement can have any claim upon *their* notice; the fourth, *we* have principally in view, as our *summum bonum*,

num, or our *meat*, *drink*, *washing*, and *lodging*; for all which articles we must gratefully acknowledge ourselves indebted to *your* bounty.

I have the honour and happiness to address myself to persons of all ranks, orders, parties, (if there be any now in being) and persuasions; and may therefore reasonably hope my support and success will be accordingly extensive; especially as you have already seen, and will farther see, that over and above the pretensions of this address, the work I am publishing, and occasionally embellishing, hath an equal title to *your* regard with the most extraordinary modern performances, in respect of *matter*, *manner*, *method*, *design*, and *argument*.—It would become me, in quality of a dedicator, to take this opportunity of loading *you*, gentlemen, with praise and panegyric; but as *you* are so large a body that it would be impossible to do ample justice to *you* all, I must be contented with publicly

licly declaring in general, that when I consider *your numbers*, and *your eminencies*, *your preferments* in church and state, the fine figure *you* make in the senate, and in the field, in the pulpit and at the bar, at home and abroad, &c. my praise is absolutely swallowed up, and ingurgitated in wonder and astonishment.

— As for *you*, ladies, whether ye be maids, wives, or widows, whether ye be f—ls natural, or f—ls artificial, I heartily hope, for the peace of your several neighbourhoods, you may find, or have found, your lovers and your husbands the very f—ls you could wish them to be, or that it may be in your power to make them so. I am,

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

With the utmost regard and devotion,

Your loving brother,

and most humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

*The author's compliments to the reader,
wishing him well through this volume.*

NOW does the reader greedily expect a description of *London*; ay, and such an one it shall be, when it once comes, as shall put out of countenance *Stow's Survey*, *Howel's Londinopolis*, *Delawn*, *B. B.* and all that have ever written about it since *London-stone* was no bigger than a cherry-stone, or *Julius Cæsar* (who was an excellent architect) built the what d'ye call it in the tower. *Julius Cæsar* was a *Roman*; and, as the learned say, the *Romans* were an honest set of fellows enough, before they turned *Catholics*. But what is become of the description of *London*? O, when it comes, it shall be super-admirable; I question not in the least, no not in the least, but 'twill pit, box, and gallery
with

with—let me see—with,—ay with *Jordan's* lord-mayor's show, or his successors either ; though that's a bold word, that's the truth of it.

By this time I guess the reader is as big up to the chin with expectation, as Mrs. *Abigail* and her little master at *Bartolomew Fair*, when they are just going to begin for two or three hours together ; and, to satisfy his curiosity, I tell him now, whatever I made him believe in the last chapter, that he is not like to hear a word more about *London* these two hours. Thus do I love to elevate and surprise, and sprinkle now and then some of that same in my writings which is so remarkable in my self—that people should miss what they expected, and find what they never look'd for.—Nor must you think I do this without sound advisement and sage reason : for my father coming here full in my way, and he being nearer akin to me than all the city of *London* put together ; besides, he conveying

veying me thither, and placing me there; all the reason in the world I should dispatch him first---that is to say, make an end of him---that is to say, in a civil way, finish and close altogether his life and death, and pay that just tribute of tears, elegies, sighs, groans, and acrostics, which are due to his super-precious memory.—Besides to have my father's whole life together, the great father of *Christopher Wagstaff*, Gent.—why it looks noble and very fine, and will be as proper and pertinent as any thing in the book.—For when the readers of this book, one lord or t'other earl, this wit and that justice of peace, shall find the marvelous deeds of the son, they'll be very willing to go a little higher; they will be extremely well pleas'd to see the wondrous father of this wondrous son all together in one piece, not hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd about, thro' all the twenty-four volumes; here an arm, and there a leg, and there another member.

Vol. II. B ber.

ber.—Gentlemen your will shall be done—'tis contrary to *Christopher's* nature to disoblige such honourable persons——here 'tis altogether; nay, I'll say that, you'll have a lump on't; turn to the index; let's see, run along with your finger—chapter, chapter, chapter; no, 'tis not here—chap 1st. chap 2d. not yet, chap 3d. there, there you have it; but then what volume? ay, that shou'd have been thought of before the chapter; why volume the tenth? no, eleventh, twelvth, twenty-third, twenty-fifth; no, that can never be it, because there been't so many. Is't the first then? it should have been the first, but by mistake 'tis the second.—The father ought to go before the son, because he was born before me. I write nothing but what's chastest truth, and all the neighbours can justify it. Well then, now you have it; you can't miss it if you had ne'er so much mind to it. Vol. ii. chap. iii. The life and death of *Christopher Wagstaff's* immediate male pro-

progenitor. (All this pains I take now to make the matter clear, and instruct even the meanest capacity how to make the best use of this most useful book) Why then—stand by *London*, and room for father.

C H A P. IV. The author's.

You'll see the contents of it.

MY father was born—what need you know where? is it not enough I have told you my birth-place, *Grassbam*, dearest *Grassbam*? hold, hold; I was just going to ramble away to it again, and leave my very father for my country. But, as I was saying, what shou'd people be so inquisitive for? this prying world wou'd fain know my father; thank 'em for that; if they know father they'll know me. So, who he was, gentlemen, must be a secret. Is it not sufficient in conscience that I wear

so many flowers, feathers, bells, and fine things about me, and turn myself out to the world to let 'em laugh their small guts out, but I must needs shew my face too? not that I'm at all ashamed of it. I'm no panther; I don't say 'tis one of the best that nature ever form'd, but 'tis as 'tis, and there's an end on't; and whose 'tis, do you fish out if you can, for if I tell you, hang me at my own sign post. But what's all this to my father? why truly as near as father and son. And so this father of mine, Sir, as I was saying, was born, bred, and educated, by the joint endeavours of my grand-father and grand-mother, and by the help of three schools, and one university. In his younger days he wrote verses, which he burnt when he came to an age of discretion. After some years spent in study, to what purpose I never heard him say, he settled in the world, as a man of sense and resolution should do. And then he had several children.

Oh!

Oh! but I should have told you first, (should not I) that he was married to my mother, which he certainly was, about the year 16 with two more figures to it, my mother fell sick, and dy'd, and was almost buried, as I am very confident I told you before, and then came to life, and dy'd again in good earnest, and was buried accordingly. Upon this my father, (who had something too of the rambler in his constitution, you will see by this, as well as his son, whence you may take notice, I'm no degenerate branch, nor ramble from my virtuous and worthy progenitors, no matter for their names, tho' in good earnest I almost do from my sense ;—pray reader put me right again ;—whereabouts was I before I slept over the unconscionable *Essex* stile of this overgrown burstengutted parenthesis ;)—O—then my father went a rambling, to shew his son the way, and so he travelled by land and by sea 'till he arrived at Ireland ; being
resolved

resolved to serve a long seven-years apprenticeship to grief and sorrow, (or rather to do *journey* work) for the loss of his dearest partner; and by the persuasion of his dearest friends, or his own inclination, no great matter which, (nor do I find it decided in his writings) he there studied physick, partly to divert his melancholy, and partly for the benefit of the island, where he performed as many cures as he had patients; the number of which is not yet ascertained. 'Twas pity so useful a stranger, ever came home again; however home again he came, and being assured his wife, his dear wife, and my dear mother, was dead in good earnest, having waited seven long years to see whether she'd come out of her trance the second time, and his lost *Euridice* would return any more, (for once, you know, she had agreeably deceived him) finding all quiet and silent, her grave overgrown with grass (which could scarce have been the case,

case, had she been buried in the church) and not the least chink, crevice, motion, or whisper, by way of sign of her intentions to see the light any more, 'till such a long time hence, that he thought 'twould be a folly to stay for her, he e'en marry'd again.

After that he had several hopeful sons and daughters, many of whom are still surviving; but the flower of his secondary family was my half-sister, *Gr. Gr.* — *tace* — she will be too proud, if she sees her name here in words at length.

CHAP. V.

The author's true account of his father continued.

I'LL not attempt to number all the great and good actions of such a father as mine was, for a very good reason, namely, because 'tis impossible; for sooner could I tell you how many

stars there are in heaven, or sands on the sea-shore, or how many virtues *Judith* has, (I warrant, you thought I had forgot her) or how many of her kisses will satisfy her ravished, transported, stark-staring-mad-with-love *Christopher*. Nay, perhaps, were this possible to be done, prudence and duty would go together by the ears, and one strive and tug one way, and the other t'other, whether I ought to publish these things or not: for perhaps the exuberant glories of his life and actions would eclipse my own, and render me a meer noddie in comparison of him. And truly things being thus, charity begins at home, and I ought to have some regard for my dear self, as well as for my dear father, tho' hardly can I pronounce which is most so. However I can safely aver, he had many a quality of the valuable sort; he was thrifty, and frugal, and careful of his family; gave his sisters portions, and left a good estate and plentiful fortunes

tunes among his own hopeful children, which in my judgment is commendation enough for one father.

C H A P. VI.

The editor seasonably introduces here, a defence of bad writing.

TH E liberty of the press is to be numbered among the choicest privileges of a free people. A question it hath been, and a question it is of great consequence to the public, whether there be more FOOLS or KNAVES in the world? Nothing can so soon, or so effectually determine this point as a general indulgence, in virtue of which every man may publish what he pleases without let or molestation. By this means thousands of his majesty's subjects would appear to have *no designs* in their heads, who may now be suspected to have *bad ones*. And therefore, as well
for

for the ease and comfort of such, as in order to the discovery of so considerable and inoffensive a part of the community, I could wish to see all the REVIEWERS silenced by *authority*; who are for ever laying stumbling blocks and discouragements in the way of illiterate and honest men.—Let no one misapprehend me.—I mean not to debar these gentlemen of the liberty contended for in behalf of others; or to insinuate that the bulk of modern critics have no claim to the protection of the present chapter.—I am not an enemy to folly, but to the affectation of wisdom; and therefore, when the gentlemen just named, who may now be called *fools deponent*, will commence *fools neuter*, or *fools common*, they shall have my consent to write 'till their fingers ach, and their heads too.

Upon these principles, and for the aforesaid purpose of discrimination, I am no more for aiding and assisting folly
by

by unnatural helps, than for obstructing and incommoding it by ill-natured discouragements. For which reason I must protest against the marble covers, gilt backs, pompous frontispieces, and other adscititious embellishments, by which so many *fine* books in the libraries of the *curious* are at once ornamented and *disguised*. It is absurd that any thing *lettered* should appear about the production of a fool.

Besides these tricks and contrivances will be absolutely needless, when once matters are adjusted ; and it can be effectually ascertained whether ignorance or wisdom ought to be *ashamed* of itself. I would fain ask the wisest man upon earth, (if the *monthly reviewers* can tell me which is he) who have made most mischief in the world, your arrant blockheads, or the *knowing ones* ? your wits, and your casuists, forsooth ? Are not these latter perpetually running foul of one another, like man and wife,
while

while the former are as loving as brothers? What but the — (what the reader pleases) of the wise hath stirred the flames of controversy with the poker of disputation, (I speak in their own way) which would have lain dormant in the smoke of dulness and ignorance? What hath set states and potentates, princes, prelates, and presbyterian parsons, and as many &c's. as would fill a page, together by the ears, like the learned polemical billingsgate of moralists, critics, philosophers, politicians, and divines? — Odds my heart, if I am once put in a passion, I will engage in a couple of chapters to rail all the learning among us out of the kingdom. — We are told (I think it is by *Martial* the *historian*) that seven cities (I forget the names of them) were at daggers drawn about the carcass of *Homer*; like the *Greeks* and *Trojans* over the body of *Patroclus*. What a comfortable reverse of things do we see at this day, when

seventy-

seventy-times-seven poets may, I will not say genteelly, but peaceably, be accommodated in one city!

But not to insist upon the *negative* advantages resulting from *bad writing*, and on what it *will not*, or rather *cannot* do; I must aver there are many *positive* circumstances in its favour. Its several domestic uses in the parlour, the garret, the kitchen, and the pantry have been often expatiated upon by others; and whether one book that is a *friend* to a man in his *necessities* be not really worth a dozen which are immured in a closet, he cannot possibly know what a pressing exigence is, who is at a loss to determine. A good book is fit for nothing that I know of but to be read; but a bad one will answer an innumerable multitude of purposes, both serious and comical. It may, for instance, be part of a boy's kite, a benighted man's lantern, a sick man's opiate, and any man's pane of a window.

Was

Was there occasion I could enlarge on these, and other collateral advantages of bad writing over good, which might be mentioned: as this,—that, whereas you will be puzzled to death if you do not proceed regularly and methodically from the very first page to the last in the perusal of a learned *folio*, *quarto*, or *duodecimo* (I do not find any odds), you may read in any place, and from any chapter or period, the productions of the unlearned, with the same pleasure and improvement.

Or this—that though it be necessary, upon many accounts, to keep your several sets of good books entire, and not *unconcatenated*, (I scorn to say, *if I may so say, when I have so said*) (pray, my lord, is the expression offensive to your eye, to your ear, or to your teeth?) you may lose or give away two or three volumes of such a performance as I have been recommending, and the work shall to all intents whatsoever be as *complete*

plete as before.——To be brief——In the name of the dullest of the nine muses, (the muse that presided over *Cibber's* odes, I don't mean his comedies, I say, I don't mean his comedies) why should dulness be contemptible, when every one knows how much—but mum——He who would be further satisfied in this point should by all means carefully peruse —— *De Prædicamentis*, ——'s Poems, ——'s Treatise upon ——, ——'s History of ——, and every antient and modern writer who has eminently contributed to make folly illustrious.

CHAP. VII.

*The author moralizes here like a philosopher :
—a tolerable one.*

—**H**ERE being a convenient loop-hole, I can't forbear a little ramble into the fertile common place of children

children's duty and love to their parents, both dead and living, and shall present the reader with several pat, pert, pleasant stories to the purpose.

How much we are obliged to our parents, can never be enough accounted; that we are so both for our being and education is equally certain. Being is no doubt, in itself considered, without the appendages of any other good, a great happiness, or rather ground of happiness; for we must exist before we can be happy. From our parents, even the worst of men let 'em be, this we at least receive. But more—they bring us into a state wherein every man may have a tolerable degree of happiness, at least generally speaking, if it be not his own fault. *Quisquæ suæ fortunæ faber.* Every man is the bricklayer of his own good fortune—(or smith, or carpenter, which you please). If therefore any object, that the being their parents gave 'em makes 'em only miserable, and therefore they

they be not obliged to thank 'em for it, they argue very ill, and besides very disingenuously, blaming others for what they brought on themselves; and full as justly may mankind blame him that made them for all the miseries they could not have felt had they not had a being; whereas the major part of them were undoubtedly brought on themselves by their own follies, and vices; and that probably with much trouble, and at a great expence.

If they'll yet farther object, 'tis n't in a man's choice to be poor or not, for then none would chuse poverty; 'tis easily answer'd, that 'tis perhaps much more so than is generally concluded; most persons by idleness and carelessness reducing themselves to low circumstances, and then falling foul both on heaven and earth, because they are in distress.—

Has thy parent given thee being, and can he do no more?—Why he has done very fairly for thee already—he has made thee

a freeman of the world, and thou hast a range of many a thousand miles to seek thy fortune in; and how many are there who raise themselves and families on no larger a stock? Nay, what estate was the first man born to, independently of his personal industry and diligence?

Dost thou say thou art not obliged to thy parents for thy being, because they gave it thee for their own pleasure, or out of a kind of instinct, and almost necessity of nature?—That's a very false, as well as most unmannerly way of arguing; for it indeed destroys the nature of all benefits, and leaves no such thing as obligation in the world. The argument is fairly thus—We are not obliged to any man for any good turn he does us in which he takes pleasure, or, which amounts to the very same thing in the end, which he is under almost a necessity of doing; that indeed is which he cannot without some pain or inconvenience to himself forbear doing. For to be

be fair, the argument can rise no higher. Now lay this rule to any benefit in the world, and see, by Mr. *Seneca's* leave, what work 'twill make with it.

I do the most virtuous action, the bravest thing in the world, undoubtedly for my own pleasure or happiness, and that is and ought to be the chief end for which I perform it; for why, I'd fain know, do I relieve any man that's miserable, but for the pleasure I myself feel in doing it, or expect from it? Is the man therefore not obliged to me for my kindness? Suppose, by a kind of sympathy, I feel another man's sore leg, thin jaws, or hungry belly, and so even in pity to myself, and to avoid the inconvenience of these sensations, give him a plaister, or a shoulder of mutton; is he therefore under no obligations to me?

Yet more; will men own they are obliged to their parents for a good education? If not, for what in the world? And yet, what's the giving them this

but a dictate of nature?—A gratification of a strong propensity, which, whoever is without, is almost as unnatural as the parent who would destroy the being he gave. We do our duty, and we take a pleasure in so doing, when we take care of the education of those whom we brought into the world; and our own credit and comfort are concerned in this: but if our children are not nevertheless to thank us for our trouble, there can be no such thing as a benefit or obligation. In short, a person's being obliged to perform a good turn, or taking a pleasure in doing it, cannot alter the nature of things.—If 'tis fair arguing from contraries, and none ever yet denied it, why then, if the not doing what I'm obliged to deserves disgrace and dispraise, and is an injury, the doing what I ought and am bound to do merits honour, praise and acknowledgment. 'Tis in vain, like the old tawring philosophers in days of yore, to sit twisting
fine

fine notions together, that are too high either for truth or practice; and when brought down, and accommodated to the scene of life, will never square, nor serve any tolerable purpose. The freest thing in the world I may be obliged to by the most indispensable ties, which yet, if perform'd, deserves the clearest and loudest acknowledgment. What is more free, to go back to a former instance, than a generous man's liberality to a worthy man in distress? What's he more oblig'd by the laws of our common humanity to do? What can he take more pleasure in? And yet, what can be a greater obligation to the person so assisted.

CHAP. VIII. The author's, you may swear it.

—WELL—this 'tis to read *Seneca*—one notion begets another, and so to the end o'the book,

while my poor father is forgot all this while as much as if he never begot me. — Did you never hear of *Boleslaus* — that excellent king of *Bohemia*, who never enter'd upon any important action, but out he pull'd the picture of his father, and, after gazing on't, as if it had been that of his mistress, used solemnly to desire he might never do any thing unworthy of so great a progenitor? Was not he an ugly rogue of a fellow? And did he not well deserve such a horrid death as got hold of him, who, upon seeing his poor old father coming to his house for a meal's meat, (like a greedy-gut bastard as he was for his pains) claps me up a fat capon, dish and all, under the table, and persuades the old gentleman he had nothing for dinner but rack-staves? — But mark the sequel. On his father's shabbing off again to seek a dinner where he could catch it, or else dine with Duke *Humphrey*, this rascally son of his pulls out the dish again, and thought

to be at it immediately up to the knuckles, and fetch up all the time he had lost—When—O! lo! behold a wonder! this fat capon was turn'd, or metamorphos'd into a huge over-grown fat toad—fough upon't! and in half a twinkling shot up like an arrow, and caught this unnatural wretch by the throat, pinching him like a crab 'till he made him yell again; and then crawling up to his mouth and nose, there it sat spitting venom at him 'till he dropt down dead, and never spoke a word more.—I have seen a ballad upon the subject, and an excellent one it was. If I could have procured it, I intended it should have appeared here; but as, you will take my word for it, the thing is true, you need not give yourself the trouble to enquire after it. But mind the moral, and be a dutiful child, if you have a father or mother living; or else get a child, I mean in a lawful way, for yourself, and see how he'll use *you*. For my own

part I am so affected with this story, that, notwithstanding some past declarations, I am resolved to spend two or three more chapters upon certain circumstances relating to my own poor father, not so much to shew my wit, as my wonderful and most exemplary gratitude.

C H A P. IX.

In which the author, like an honest man, is as good as his word.

LEST I should have the same ill fortune with the man mentioned a page or two ago (though I confess I did not see him after he was dead) I'm resolved to make much of my father, now he's not only old, but dead, and not only dead, but rotten; although his name still smells sweeter than balsam, even sweet as the breath of my fragrant aromatical *Judith*.

Ay,

Ay, dead he is sure enough, after he had carefully bound me 'prentice, as I told you before, and you shall hear hereafter—he's as dead as *Nebuchadnezzar*—though his fame shall never die, while either his son, or his son's son shall remain alive. And I will have a son for my father's sake. But when and how did he die? and where? and wherefore? and for what reason—*quis? quid? ubi? quibus? &c. &c.*

To the when, I answer, *November 4, 1674, an. ætat, 48*; and that's as much as many an honest man gets for his epitaph—but every honest man is not my father.

And being dead, 'twill be very convenient to give him speedy burial, *i. e.* as soon as decently and safely may be. One may be too hasty in that matter. *Duns Scotus*, who had as subtle a head as my father for his life, was yet fool'd out of this world that way, and buried alive, poor wretch! It has been
many

many a man's *case*, I say a coffin has ; and a confounded hard *case* too the philosopher found it notwithstanding his knack at solving difficulties. Don't laugh—'tis no laughing business. To prevent this small inconvenience, his relations wisely fearing my father might have three lives, because my mother had two, who was so much weaker than him, kept him above ground ten days after his death, to see whether he intended to come back again ; but finding him in earnest, and still remaining in the same fullen humour, they then would wait no longer, but e'en heav'd him into his last tenement in the chancel.—

And there let him lie 'till I come to him—and how sweetly should he and I and *Judith* lie there together in one another's arms?—Lie further father ; you have got all the bed to yourself, and thrust us out upon the bedstead ; but though you had possession first, yet two
to

to one are odds. — However, I'll be a dutiful son, dead and living; and rather lie upon the boards than hurt your ribs, which by this time may be a little tender. — Mercy on us! — we shall never get to *London*! I tell you we are within a very few chapters of it, if you will have but patience. Suppose I have a mind to put off my account of it 'till the tenth volume, can you help yourself? — Sit still then, and I'll use you better than you deserve, it may be.

CHAP. X.

Which, by the author's leave, I think should have been the IXth.

WELL remembered! — I should have told you *how* my father died, before how he was buried. — Sir, he died like an honest and brave man, as he had liv'd; for sure having liv'd so well almost fifty years, he could ne'er be

be to learn to die well for one quarter of an hour. He looked as if he would have put death out of countenance, as if he rather wish'd it than fear'd it—not because he was frowardly weary of this life, but rationally assured of a better. He was not like that fool of a philosopher, who, after some three or four-score years huffing God and man, and pretending to teach them both more than they knew before, had not learned wit enough all that while to know whither he was going, and could leave no wiser saying behind him than that of the poor heathen—*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*—He had found a hole to creep out of the world at, and was going to take a long leap in the dark, he could not tell whither. —

Next, where did he die?—why, at—a certain place in *England*, that you shall not know 'till you find his epitaph; nor perhaps then,

Last of all, *quare*, wherefore, or for what reason? Why that's a very *Irish* question seemingly now, though it is asked in *Latin*. I scorn to put the world off with that vulgar answer, as trite as *Ratcliff*-highway, for want of breath, or because he could live no longer; because every magpye dies at that rate, and for such sage reasons: — But my father's death, as well as his life, was very extraordinary.

The cause then of the fatal dissolution of that beloved life, more precious than both the *Indies*, was no other than the incurable putrefaction of some morbid juices in the renal concavities.—To speak plain (for I write for every body, though I protest it's much harder to stoop my notions to people's capacities, than at first to invent them) he died of the stone in the kidneys or bladder, (I can't be positive) after the most exquisite torments, equall'd by nothing but his patience.—There's a father if you talk

talk of a father—I must, I may, I shall,
I will be as proud of him as *Alexander*
was of *Jove*.

Not Great *ALCIDES*, fam'd *TYRINTHIAN* hero,
Who slew the fifty-headed *HYDRA* fell,
And dread *NEMÆAN* quadruped;—

Not he, nor e'er a heroic kilcow of 'em
all, ever kick'd up with half a quarter
of that constancy and gravity with which
Kit Wagstaff's father did—who was
rackt and tormented worse with that mil-
stone of a stone he carry'd about with him
than *Hercules* was with his poison'd jer-
kin.

CHAP. XI.

*A chapter of wonders; or the author's
reports.*

I Have heard of a person yet living,
who had a stone in his kidneys of
such a prodigious magnitude, that it fill'd
up

up almost all the concavity of his carcase ; and you might easily feel it thro' his flesh if you laid your hand on his back. I can't say what truth there is in't ; nor wou'd the world any sooner believe me should I assure 'em that the stone in my father's body was so immense, that I've often wonder'd it did not bunch up behind, and give him a hump-back ; or at least overpoise him in walking, and drag him backward with its incredible weight.

IX.

CHAP.

CH A P. XII.

The editor takes this opportunity to insert a chapter of material intelligence.

On the 1st of June will be published,
 (To be continued monthly, in small pocket volumes, 'till the whole is completed)

Vol. I. (price 1s. 6d.) of

A New Work, entitled,

THE BRITISH MERCHANT; or Commercial Biographer. Being a select collection of the lives at large of the most eminent merchants, traders, dealers, and chapmen, from the conquest to the reign of GEORGE II. inclusive, in the cities of LONDON and BRISTOL, and the town of LIVERPOOL. The whole faithfully extracted from authentic account-books, and written intelligence; and abounding with an infinite variety of anecdotes and entertaining

entertaining secrets relative to the mystery of trade, in all its branches, both by sea and land; and containing much superfluous knowlege, and many genuine narratives of several persons and facts, hitherto unknown to, or unnoticed by the public. Adorned with copper-plates neatly engraved. With vol. i. will be given three curious heads, viz. those of the celebrated *London 'Prentice*, and the famous *Whittington* and his *Cat*.—The whole being intended as a supplement to the BR-T-SH PL-T-RCH.

N. B. It is computed, this work will be comprised in about two hundred and fifty volumes at most; but if there be any overplus, they shall be given *gratis* to the purchasers of the former volumes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

‘A Ddresses to the public, with what is called a plan of the work, are, upon these occasions become so hack-
 Vol. II. D ‘ney’d,

ney'd, and are in reality in themselves
 so fallacious, that the authors of the
 'BRITISH MERCHANT beg leave' to
 hope their candid readers will *suspend*
their judgments of this work 'till the
 whole is *finished*; when we doubt not,
 they will be so perfectly satisfied of the
nature of our *design*, and our industry in
 prosecuting it, as never to be purchasers
 of any other work of *this kind*.

C H A P. XIII.

*The author continues to be very nonsensical,
 or very satirical, as before.*

HOWever he died; dead he is and
 buried—but not without his tak-
 ing a decent civil leave of the world—
 he was not in so great haste to be so
 unmannerly, or rub off without telling
 any body.

Some of his last advice to us his be-
 loved off-spring was, that we should
 live

live in peace, and love one another ;
 which those of my brethren who don't,
 who love others better than they love
 me their brother, ay, and their elder
 brother, their hope, and prop of their
 family, their *Christopher*—I say no more,
 but let them look to it, and get off as
 well as they are able.—And may *Kit*.
Wagstaff get over that troublesome ditch
 that parts this world and the other as
 well as his father did, when it comes
 to his turn to leap!

Those shapes of torture which to view in paint

Would make another faint,

He did endure in true reality,

And feel what they could hardly bear to see.

—His soul as freely from his body went,

As if both parted by consent:

No murmur, no complaining, no delay—

Only a sigh!—Ah *John*! Ah *Nan*! and so away.

Well—I protest a man's genius im-
 proves with using it ;—the reader may
 well wonder at some great master strokes

in poetry among my works, and many of them so strangely like what he has seen in other places ;—for good wits will jump—and yet others so very unlike—for I scorn always to thief ; and indeed hope no man will own any of his goods upon my ground—but this wonder will be a little moderated, when I tell him a secret (that last sentence was a long one ; I hope all was right.) 'Tis that I and certain near and dear friends of mine used a long time to write epistles in verse to one another, which so strangely improv'd my hand at it, that were that learned and reverend author Mr. *John Bunyan* yet living, I would not fear to enter the lists with him in poetry, rhyme for rhyme, rapture for rapture, my pen and ink to his budget ; and let him drop distichs as long as he would, as the blind beggar and the knight did their gold, I wou'd not fear keeping pace with him. 'Twas this, I say, which brought me to be as you see,

gentle-

gentlemen.—I vow there's no cheat in me—be you but judges now—take the last verse.

—*Ab John! Ab Nan! and so away.*

—How soft, how natural and easy—is it not fine—is it to be match'd again? O envy, envy! thou dumb beast thou! If thou wilt not speak, hold thy tongue! while I explain to such as better deserve it, the meaning of that verse whereof thy ears are not worthy.—*Ab John! Ab Nan!*—You must know my name—Hold, hold,—I cry you mercy, Mr. Reader, 'twas out before I was aware of it—You must know my father had a friend whose name was *John*, and he had a sister whose name was *Nan* (*Nan* by corruption, *Ann* by baptism). So these two he called upon the very last words he said in this world—and then he died for good and all—and I won't disturb him more, and could almost resolve not to tell you a word more about him—but, 'tis hard for friends to part.—Why

spare me a page or two more, you'll be never the poorer yourselves at the year's end.—Do be obliging, complaisant, and civil, as I'll be to you when you write a book, and don't give me the lye, or call me flatterer, when I assure you that my father was —— you have heard what already—and that I dream'd of his death three days before I heard of it;—though I am confident there have been falser things chronicled than either of these.---But I must just give you my father's epitaph, or I fancy he'll ne'er rest in peace (you'll never see his tomb) by which his character will appear to have been made up of whatever is good in other men; as the painter's *Venus* was from all the fine women in the country.

Here lieth, &c.

He was capable of every thing, and proud of nothing; nay rather actually master of all things, of all the perfections which could be found or named:

---He

---He had a tongue fit to converse with angels, and a heart yet better than that tongue; for 'twas so full of virtue and goodness, that it was never to be exhausted. By an unparalleled reach of understanding, he soared above the highest, all other perfections being so far from matching his, that they deserve not to be mentioned; the great distance between them made them appear like a little molehill by the side of a mountain, scarce to be seen, and less to be regarded. In a place of *Athens* when one named *Plutarch*, the echo answered *philosophy* (if he that tells the story don't lye); so, should his name be mentioned there, 'twou'd certainly answer either *virtue* or *Thomas*, &c.

C H A P. XIV.

Here, as well as any where, may be introduced the editor's following advertisement

T O T H E P U B L I C.

WHereas many gentlemen, ladies, and others, have frequent occasion for *ready-made letters*, upon all sorts of subjects; *poems, odes, and ballads, &c.* of all sizes and kinds, but mostly in the *love way*; *good characters* for news-papers; *epitaphs, &c. &c. &c.*; — this is to give notice, that there is now set up in — street, near — square, an *office*, which is to be called by the name of,

The PUBLIC OCCASIONAL COMPOSITION OFFICE;

where all persons may be accommodated with all manuscript literary articles,

cles, at a quarter of an hour's notice,
and upon reasonable terms:

*By an able MASTER of WRITING with
proper ASSISTANCE from both UNI-
VERSITIES.*

We think it needless to expatiate upon the great utility of an establishment, of which the use and advantage cannot but sufficiently appear to every one who considers the many difficulties of true writing, and the inconveniencies which numbers of *ladies* and *gentlemen*, either for want of *leisure* or *capacity*, are every day put to, to express their thoughts with delicacy, propriety, and consistence, and in words *accurately spelt*, as well as *judiciously chosen*. We shall only say, that we despair not of giving satisfaction to all who shall apply for our assistance; and to convince the world that we have their benefit in view rather than our own emolument, in the present important

portant and extensive undertaking, we shall here set down the prices of a few principal articles, and such as, we apprehend, there will be the greatest demand for.

All applications, or *letters petitionary* for preferment ecclesiastical, civil, or military, to pay *poundage*, at the rate only of a penny in the pound, according to the fair valuation of one whole year's income of the promotion applied for.—And in case of success, *letters of thanks* shall be supplied *gratis*.

All plain, common, prose *love-letters*, with a reasonable quantity of *protestations, tears, sighs, and groans, &c.* fit for country-gentlemen, or reputable tradesmen, (and their answers) shall be furnished at three-pence a line;—and *postscripts*, not exceeding two lines, shall be allowed the purchaser. But such as are suited to the cases of people of high birth, fashion, and fortune, and require being ornamented with *poetical rants,*
soft

soft songs, epigrammatic turns, similes, hyperboles, imprecations, fainting fits, angelical transports, &c. &c. shall pay treble price.

N. B. The best *Pindaric odes* at two shillings and six-pence *per stanza*.

Characters for news-papers, or inscriptions for monuments, to be rated according to the qualities and excellencies of the parties concerned. The virtues, upon an average, shall be valued at one Shilling each; *noblemen's* and *gentlemen's* titles, *pedigrees, &c.* shall be allowed for nothing into the bargain.

Epitaphs in verse (under eight lines) at six-pence apiece, or five shillings a dozen. *N. B.* We have a plain, ordinary sort for *country church-yards* which will come cheaper.—Allowances to *curates,* and such as sell them again.

✂ We propose likewise to deal in the *wholesale* way, and to lay in a stock sufficient

sufficient to furnish young physicians, with medical prescriptions for all ordinary cases; and divines with second-hand sermons as good as new.

Also, forms of leases, bonds, wills, acquittances, notes of all sorts, &c. &c. at half the price they are usually sold for by attornies.—In one word, we can assure the public, that we shall never be wanting in our endeavours to answer their expectations, and that every article we purpose dealing in shall be an original in its kind.

C H A P. XV.

The author's account of London, with other curious particulars.

I Promise the reader to play at bob-cherry with him no more; but being arrived now at London in good earnest, will give him such a description of that famous

famous city as, I'll be bold to say, the world can't parallel.

—And yet my mind misgives me a little—This is a business of much consequence, which I am going to dive over head and ears into. Some preparatory step ought to be taken. I wish I knew which is the *city-muse* of all those nine gentlewomen, who are so civil as to help a lame dog of an author over a stile, if he has face enough to ask for assistance. I would certainly invoke her in manner and form extraordinary.

Immortal CLOACINA, sweetest pow'r—

Hang it, I am not sure that is her name, so I'll e'en budge on in plain, honest prose without her. So, Reader, do not be too severe upon me; you see I must stand upon my own bottom at last. Consider I am neither philosopher, painter, poet, (certain occasions excepted, you know,) chief-justice, common-council-man, astrologer, or bishop, but a poor, raw, *London* apprentice.—Let
me

me be bound though, now I think on't; for mine being, you must understand, a kind of a rambling trade, I shall be able to give a better account of matters after I am settled a little in my occupation.

To dispatch this then as hastily as possible—**This Indenture** witnesseth—That I *Christopher Wagstaff*, of the town of — in the county of — *&c.* But not to trouble you with all on't; I was bound to that honest man my master, as well as he to me, before the chamberlain of *London*, (and a good comely looking gentleman he was, I can tell you,) for seven years, the instrument bearing date from *December 7, 1674.*—Now you expect my master's name, sign, trade, and all that—no thank you—I ha'n't forgot my indentures—wherein I swore to keep his secrets—and this being both his and my own, if you'd rip up my guts for't, you should not have it.

And what good would it do you if you had it? The description of *London* will

will be ten times more to the purpose, which I'll promise you, as being the best flower in the book, shall be my masterpiece—And therefore I'll begin with the name of it methodically.

Whence now should that be derived but from King *Lud*, the founder, the son or father, 'tis no great matter which, of the famous King *Bladud*, that flew I know not how many miles an hour, and set the devil a boiling his coppers at *Bath*, I don't know how many thousand years ago.—What would people have more—can there be a clearer argument that this is true, than the very gate's being called *Ludgate* to this day, after his name?—One can scarce tell what this infidel world will believe—Why there's a great many score of *freemen-prisoners in Ludgate* (some of my acquaintance to my sorrow) who will take their corporal oaths to the truth of all this, as freely as they would, that they ben't worth five farthings a piece, if that would get 'em out again.

But

But for more weighty arguments—— what an unanswerable one is there near this gate, besides the gate itself! Is not there a sign with the three kings upon't, one of which was the founder both of the gate and city adjoining--- *Androgeus*, *LUD*, and *Temauius*, or some such name?----I can't imagine what can be plainer. How many millions of men have been contented with this etymology before ever we were born? 'Tis therefore in vain to trouble you with a rabble of other derivations, or make you writhe your mouth five hundred ways with a company of cramp *Welsh* words, from which some will have *London* derived.--- You may therefore let alone both *Lhong Dinan*, which signifies *Skipton*, or a town, famous for the multitude of its ships and navigation---and *Litwindian* from *Litwin*, signifying fortified woods, in which the ancient *Britons* built their towns, or which rather indeed were their very towns, before the *Romans* beat 'em into more wit:

wit: I say, you may let alone both these cramp words, and their pedigrees or derivations, as *Ltbwin* from wood, and *dian*, which is the tail of the word, from *Diana*; (so let her look to it) and be content with what I have made out to you already much better than these *Welsh* crucifiers of language can do with their hard names, and proud consonants that wont suffer a quiet vowel to keep them company.

Let this be how 'twill, if what I have said cannot be believed, neither will this squeamish world, so much wiser grown all o'th' sudden than their great grandfathers, have any faith in t'other name of this famous city, more antient than this; and yet *Julius Cæsar*, who built the tower of *London*, and put the lions in't, as sure as ever King *Lud* built *Ludgate*, calls it *Troynovant*---or something so like it, that 'tis only altering five or six letters, and 'twill be the self-same word.--- Now those who ha'n't a mind to be

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thought high-born, and nobly-descended, may even laugh at this name as well as the other; but all true *Trojans* must needs be proud of such honourable and worthy forefathers---who were such indefatigable *ramblers*---first from *Troy* to *Greece*---then to *Italy*, then hither and thither, and nobody knows where, 'till they landed at *Totness*, and afterwards built *Treynovant*, or *New Troy*---as I told you before. And if all this ben't enough, read old *Jeffery* over, and see if he can satisfy you any better.

C H A P. XVI.

The author makes a transition from names to things.

LET'S begin at *Cornbill*, and the *Royal Exchange*---see how things alter---*New Troy* is just the reverse of the Old, and instead of---*nunc seges est ubi Troja fuit*---corn grows where *Troy* town stood,
---'tis

---'tis now quite the contrary, *Troy* stands where corn did grow—or at least was brought to market—where now commodities a little more precious are traffick'd for.

But when I first came under the *Exchange gate*---blefs my ears what a buz there was---'twas high-change, and such a nation of folk, that I concluded it must needs be either a *church* or a *fair*.

---And as they humm'd like bees, so they swarm'd like 'em---in and out, and out and in again, backward and forward like the tide at *London bridge*.—Now while poor *Christopher* stood harmlessly staring upon some trinkets they had there to sell, comes the eddy of a crowd, and runs him into that whirlpool of man before he knew where he was.---But what a picture of this world did I find there, or rather of that below it!

---Here was a fat Jew strutting, and a lean christian cringing; a thin old

usurer bobbing, and a jolly young heir nibbling, and just fit for sealing. A surly sea captain swearing as loudly as he ever did at sea in a storm. One merchant who had received the news of a wreck, biting his nails, and the innocent paper; another, who had heard of the safe arrival of his ship, pluming and cocking, and exalting himself higher than the 'Change steeple.—Well thought on—we'll step up that way.—

Nay—if this be not paradise, why then a *London* 'prentice will never find it in this town while he lives.

'Tis a meer *Spring-garden* within doors
 ---a *Moorfields' walk*---a *Sir George Whitmore's*---a *music-house*---an every thing.
 Here's streets, and signs, and paint, and rogues, and jilts, and dogs, and fops, and fools, and women;---lads ogling, lasses winking, maids flickering, wives plotting, musty batchelors moulding,
 and

and over grown thornbacks despairing, and just ready to hang themselves in some of their own inkle.

Do you see that sign there?—The — who would think that modest creature which makes up her mouth like a button-hole, was no longer ago than last night with 'squire —, at the--a--a--ay; what business had she there?—that's the question—Business? why such business as others would have been glad of as well as she—Eating of oysters, and what hurt's in that?—Your servant, ladies.—I am got now into *Lombard street*.

Mercy on us! what cart loads of money were there tumbled over one another?—I cou'd not have thought *Plutus* himself had been so rich—but the truth is, he employs a great many FACTORS—I wandered from one end of the street to the other, and, in a little shop among all the rest, saw one which look'd like an honest man.—There was not a single

soul in his shop besides himself, who was exercising his patient elbows against the obdurate counter.

This was many years since, and the city increasing every day, if there was one honest man there then, how many must there be by this time?

Methinks the very sight of such wealth revives me, and I begin to fancy the gingling of so much money would as soon make one rich, as the smell of roast beef would fill one's belly.

— Yet avaunt, thou *foul fiend*! I will not be contaminated! O *Mammon*! I defy thee---Dost sneer? dost laugh?---dost glow at me?---Nay---'tis all one---I'll keep out of thy clutches if possible---I'll ramble far enough off from thy ravenous maw---I'll ramble, I say once more, to *Amsterdam*, *Legborn*, *China*, *Tartary*, through air, earth, purgatory, and the world in the moon, before I'll have any thing to do with thee, unless in a civil way---in a---way of trade---

as one dealer with another, honestly and fairly, and so forth.

O Gold ! O Gold !---Let me see,---what rhimes to gold---why the lions in the Tower come next---'tis no matter for rhyme---now for sympathy and antipathy.

CH A P. XVII.

With which the editor presents his compliments to the reader.

TH**E**RE is something so truly *Shandean* in the phenomenon over the leaf, that I hope, Sir, you will bestow a proper degree of attention upon it.

CHAP. XXXIII

— So—you have examined it well. Please to tell me then, Whether you take it to be a mathematical figure, the plan of a grid-iron, or the skeleton of a multiplication table?

CHAP. XVIII.

Contains the author's account of the lions, and other odd things in the tower.

YOUR lion is a strange animal; sometimes as fierce as — I can't think of a *simile*; — and sometimes as meek as a mouse. A woman with child (I scorn to say by whom) was one of the party, when I went to pay my respects to the four-footed monarch, and his royal family in the tower. When, wonderful to tell, and, by a natural consequence, to be believed, they all to a single beast began roaring louder than the guns on a coronation-day; the very foundations of the gate trembled, the artillery carriages rolled

led back some yards, the portcullis dropt down for fear, and the water in the *Thames* spouted as high as the *monument*. In the interim accidentally steps into the place a true maid, a beauteous virgin; when lo! down laid these angry creatures as calmly as lambs; they grin'd, they fawn'd, they wagged their tails; not with such a tremendous sweep as before, but as mildly and gently as the poetical Zephyrs stroke the velvet leaves; their late erected manes lay as flat as a dog's; and they purred as innocently as young kittens. — The keeper declared he had not seen them so tame for a long time. —

Who to look upon 'em now would think these creatures had torn out the hearts and guts of so many flocks of harmless lambs, or gentle fawns? — Who would think they e'er had roar'd in *Mauritanian* deserts,

Where swift Numidians, on the sun-burnt shore,
With show'rs of darts and jav'lins urg'd their fate;

While

While with a generous rage, the kingly captives
 Leap o'er the toils, and scatter woman, man,
 And sucking child, horse, ass, dog, cat, and king;
 For All's one that comes near 'em.——

There's a rise and a fall—there's two
 as natural transitions or rambles from
 low to high, and high to low,—(I am
 above being compared with any one but
 myself) as you'll find again in all my
 works.

But now I'll tell you a strange story,
 and a true one, as ever *Pliny*, or what's
 his name——told in their lives; gentle-
 men of such strict honour and irreproach-
 able veracity, that they would no more
 impose upon the world than *Monsieur le*
Blank, or *Sir John Mandevil*.—'Tis con-
 cerning the strange nature, gratitude, and
 generosity of these lions.——*N. B.* This
 is a very serious story; it hath something
 of the nature of a fable in it; and if any
 of my readers have heard it already, all
 I can say is, they are more knowing than
 I could have imagined. However, no
 great

great harm will be done; for it is not above a leaf or two to the next chapter. —Farther, courteous reader, if thou art alone, I would advise you to read this story inwardly, and to thyself, for the benefit of thy lungs, and to prevent false emphasis and bad pronounciation. If thou art in company, and desired to read out, e'en read it as well as thou canst. —

“ A certain soldier met one day, much
 “ against his will, a worshipful old lion, in
 “ the middle of an unfrequented wood.
 “ *Androcles* (I think that was his name)
 “ was in such bodily fear, that, had he
 “ been a *Christian*, I suppose, he would
 “ have said his prayers; had he been a
 “ *Papist*, he would have told his beads;
 “ but, as he was but an arrant heathen,
 “ it is no great matter what he did.
 “ However, to his great surprise, (it is
 “ in no history said, to his sorrow) the
 “ royal beast meekly approached him
 “ with the air and look of a petitioner;
 “ and held out one of his paws to him,
 not

“ not barely in amity, but by way of
 “ application for relief, Our soldier,
 “ (who before had rather have faced ten
 “ enemies in the field than one lion in a
 “ forest) taking heart hereupon, soon
 “ perceived a large thorn in the foot of
 “ his most obedient humble servant the
 “ lion, and with some difficulty extrac-
 “ ted it, to the inexpressible comfort of
 “ his dumb patient ; who, as he had
 “ solicited assistance in *forma pauperis*, re-
 “ tired into his thicket after having *paid*
 “ some antick compliments of *thanks* to
 “ his doctor.

“ Some time after, *Androcles* had the
 “ ill fortune to be taken prisoner in battle
 “ by the *Romans*, and was *mercifully* con-
 “ demned by those *brave* people to fight
 “ with a lion in the *Circus Maximus* ; a
 “ place not much unlike the *Bear-garden*
 “ in *London*. (All *civilized* countries have
 “ these places of diversion.) Accord-
 “ ingly, he stood armed upon a kind of
 “ stage, expecting the hungry foe. The
 den

“ den was thrown open ; the foe appea-
 “ red, rolling his fiery eyes, grinding his
 “ famish’d jaws, and lashing his hollow
 “ sides. But upon sight of his anta-
 “ gonist, he gave signs of the utmost
 “ complacency and satisfaction ; he gam-
 “ bol’d about him with transport ; he
 “ licked his hand ; and (to close the la-
 “ borious description) at last he lay down
 “ at his feet with the gentleness and fa-
 “ miliarity of a spaniel dog that has had
 “ something more than bones for his
 “ dinner. It seems this lion was the
 “ very identical one which the soldier
 “ had relieved in the forest ; and it is
 “ the opinion of all historians and natu-
 “ ralists whatever (as much as they love
 “ to differ from one another) that this
 “ action amounts upon the whole to a
 “ tolerable proof of the gratitude and
 “ generosity of the beast, or beasts, we
 “ have been discoursing of.”

There’s an old story well told ; the
 moral of it is torn out, but may be gues-
 fed

fed at by any person of a moderate capacity ; and I hope none but such will buy this book.—But suppose we take a little refreshment here ; as there is no extraordinary connection between this chapter and the next, it will be no great inconvenience to us.

C H A P. XIX.

A farther account of what the author saw in the tower ; with many observations, and most of them pretty much to the purpose.

AFTER I had taken leave of the lions, I went incontinently to the armory, where I saw arms enough to frighten all the citizens in London—the gentlemen of the train bands excepted ! Here I saw weapons, offensive and defensive, enough for half a dozen campaigns. Here too, or not far off, I saw the glories of *England*, the royal crown and scepter---which (by the by) had like
to

to have taken a ramble as well as I, and to have been exiled after their owner was come home—that cunning rogue *Blood* having enticed 'em to run away with him.—I don't care if I tell you the story, because 'tis a pretty one, and because I have a knack at a story, you know.—I can't tell well how it happened, but happen it did, that these two mighty monarchs, colonel *Blood* the first and king *Charles* the second, fell out, and declared open war against one another; the colonel having been out-law'd, and so being no longer under the king's protection. He, finding his forces were scarce so many or so strong as his adversary's, betakes himself to stratagem, and disguises himself (a fly toad) in a gown and cassock of all the things in the world; and, having laid horses at convenient places, slips into the tower, and binding and gagging the poor old man, away whips he up the top of three kingdoms in a satchel under his upper habiliment.

So

So off he marches with his prize :---But the angel that guards the English monarchy sent home the old man's son just in the nick, who finding his father in such a peaceable posture quickly released him, and out came all the truth.—'Twas not long, you may believe, before a fearful hubbub was set up for the lost perquisites.—*Blood* had passed one gate before, at the second the cry reached him, and the wardens oppose his passage.—He had not much to say for himself, but up went his brawny paw---sowse down goes one on one side, and the other on t'other, and away marches he between, cuffing his way through 'em all like a *Hercules* ; and out he gets as far as the wharf, when a grim porterly cowardly rogue sneaks behind him, and hits him one unlucky remembrance under the ear ; so down went crown, scepter, gown, and colonel altogether, as flat as a flounder ; up they took him again, and carried him before the king.—But I happening that day not to

be of the council can't so well tell you what discourse these two great persons had together, nor what articles were drawn between 'em---only *Blood* came off---a treaty was made, and he lived many a fair year after.

I observed little else in the tower worth noting, except a kind of an engine like a scholar's horse; a wooden fort of a steed, quite the reverse of master *Sinon's*; for as that carried soldiers in his belly, this does on its back. But what's that to honest *Christopher*? It shall be a fair warning to him however; for if he e'er turn soldier, if such be the preferment those poor creatures must meet with, he'll be content to be mounted there, with a whole file of musquets at his heels, 'till king *James* comes home again.

But lest he shou'd be pressed for a soldier, and made valourous against his will, he's resolved to stay in that dangerous place no longer.—Away then trudged *Christopher*; and, because he wou'd be
sure

sure to be far enough out of mischief, runs up and down two or three streets before he could recover his fright, and then made the best of his way for the famous monument of *popish* r-g-ry at the bottom of *Fish-street bill*; (don't you remember the story of the fire of *London*?) but thro' such crowds of coaches, carts, porters, draymen, oyster-wenchies, and ballad-singers, &c. that he cou'd make no reflections upon what he *saw* for the noise, bustle, and uproar of what he *heard*.

CHAP. XX. The editor takes a hint from the last line of the last chapter.

A chapter of the editor's, in which the reader will find considerably more wit and satire than he could possibly, from the nature of the subject, expect.

HAVING a call the other day into the farther part of the city, I set out from my lodgings in *Spring-gardens*

with a whimsical resolution to charge my memory (an extraordinary good one) with every thing I should overhear in my passage through the streets thither. Sure, I thought with myself, among the great variety of people I shall meet, or overtake, &c. I may pick up scraps and ends of conversation enough to make a very humorous and entertaining miscellany. And to encourage the reader to make the same experiment, I shall here faithfully and regularly communicate to him, to the best of my recollection, every thing I was an ear-witness to, in the course of my walk, upon this occasion.

—Your most obedient humble servant.

My dear Sir, how do you do?—

—Hah! Jack—G-d d-mn your eyes, who thought of seeing you here?—

—I thought *Shuter* did the *Miser* incomparably well last night.—

—People may say what they will, but by G-d I take him to be the greatest general in *Europe*.—

—Well;

—Well; but *London* is allowed to be the most considerable city for trade in the universe.——

—Black your shoes, your honour.——

—I could not possibly be with you; I was engaged to sup with the bishop of * * * *.——

—O he was most confounded drunk; you never saw a fellow half so drunk in your life.——

—You don't understand me; I tell you, you know nothing at all of the matter.——

—By your leave, Sir.——

—Sweet J-f-s blefs his dear foul. When was you at the tabernacle?——

—As cursed a scoundrel, *Tom*, as any upon the face of the earth.——

—With all my soul; you may go to the d-v-l if you please.——

—Coach, master!——

—Ten thousand pounds!—Fools have luck still.——

—The very lowest, upon my honour, madam.——

—He is a very honest, good-natured fellow, I'll assure you.——

—I don't believe he has seen the inside of a church these seven years.——

—Sir, he must be mined; he lost above five hundred pounds last week.——

—The last dying speech and confession of the malefactors executed at *Tyburn*.——

—What a plague should she be proud of? she is only a lady's woman.——

—*Old* cloaths. Have you any old cloaths to sell?——

—If we ever had an uncorrupt minister, I believe Mr. *Pitt* was one.——

—The wonder of the world, gentlemen! walk in and see the noble panther.——

—O dear! O L-rd! O what shall I do!——

—Fol de rol lol lol lol de rol lol lol de rol lol.——

——Don't

—Don't you know her? She is a fine woman, I will give you my word.——

—Pray, which is my nearest way to *Covent-Garden*?——

—I'll hold any man in *England* a hundred guineas to five on't.——

—For Chr--t's sake bestow one half-penny upon a poor blind man.——

—So he may think, but d-mn me if I do.——

—Nay, I am sure she must have acquaintance enough in *London*.——

---Hot, smoking hot! hot mutton-pies!——

---What! have not you seen the new act for the *Window-tax*?——

---I'll darken his day-lights for him, a son of a b-tch!——

---I'll play the very d-v-l with him before I have done with him.——

---Good Sir, you are extremely obliging.——

---'Tis all d-mn-d nonsense! I wont keep * *Good Friday* again, if I live these fifty years.—

You don't say so! L-rd have mercy upon us!

Here I arrived at the place of my engagement; and, upon reviewing in my mind the above series of verbal sentences, for the full satisfaction of my curiosity, could not help admiring the comical, and indeed proper, connection between many of them.—If the reader will at any time be at the same trouble of collecting every thing he overhears from different persons, in his perambulations through the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, he will, I doubt not in the least, find in general a similar entertainment.

* The country reader is desired to take notice that there have been *really* reasons (so called) published of late in town to prove the observance of *Good Friday* to be absolutely *anti-christian*!

CHAP.

C H A P. XXI.

In which the author treats you with an elaborate discourse upon suicide, from the top of the Monument.

THIS post, pillar, I mean, (saving its reverence) is a very pretty knick-knack; 'tis pity it does not stand in the center of the city, like the middle pin in a bowling alley;—but it is well enough as it is. Now how easily could I from hence, with the feet of my fancy, step over to all the spires in *London*? But, because I would not break in upon my future design, having resolved to discourse distinctly of my aerial rambles, I'll e'en quietly descend; not by the outside, though that's the shortest cut, as the seaman did who broke his neck from it while it was building, but a little the farthest way about, down the stairs.---Yet hold! is not the outside

side road the nearest to my long home, which before I come regularly to, I have many tedious rambles to take---many a sour draught of dolor, and bitter morsel of grief to swallow? truly it were worth while to consider whether I had not better made an end of myself all at once, from this present altitude.

If a man has not power over his own life, over what has he any?---Nay, 'tis plain, and allowed by all, that he gives that power away (which he could never do, if he never had it,) when he enters into civil society, and submits himself to the laws of government.---Suppose then he has a mind to resume this gift, as not liking the conditions of civil society, is not his life in his own power again? and is he not at liberty to throw that away, which is much better lost than kept? May not a man cut off a leg or an arm, if he is tired of it?---My body is no better than the legs and arms, or rather crutches of my soul---
why

why should it be a crime to throw those crutches away, and go alone, especially when they are troublesome or rotten? Don't all the thinking world agree, that this state we are now in is but a slavery to sense, and a bondage to dull matter, in which we are not only exposed to want and misery into the bargain, but to insults, injuries, and abuses of about five hundred different names and natures? Why then should I not pull up the stake; or get my lock and chain off, and scamper away into the interminable fields of the invisible world? --Happy region of spirits, reason, ease, and rest!--*Cleombrotus, Empedocles*---O how I envy you!---who rushed, one through the fire, the other through the water, to reach immortality on the other side.

I have often wondered what makes us fools so childishly fond of life---Life did I call it?---this dream, I mean rather this twilight, *battish* kind of being

we

we rather are condemn'd to, then properly may be said to enjoy. It is true, honest *Kit Wagstaff* is happy enough as men, and money, and times go — He has a lovely *Judith* in his bosom, in his arms, in his heart---('tis natural for a young lover to reflect first upon these things; and we are neither of us old yet; nor one of us like to be, if I continue in the present humour.) If he has not a lubberly fortune, an over-grown estate, and a hundred and fifty (be they more or less) fancied conveniencies of life, which numbers desire, and none want; if he has not a large palace, a great coach; nay, not so much as a calash or chair to raise the dust before him; yet he has much content without them; and enjoys what he *has*, without troubling himself about what he *has not*. He has a good healthy constitution; he's neither racked with stone, gout, nor a worse disease; — he's seldom discontented, or uneasy---he envies no man,

man, hates no man, does no injury to any other, and as little as possible to himself---He has an excellent appetite, which saves him the expence of high fauce; he laughs as heartily as ever a lord-mayor was known to do; and sleeps sounder than any monarch has done in *Whitehall* for these twenty years.

Upon the whole he knows not any person in the world with whom he would exchange circumstances.---What a murrain would the man have then?---

E'en undisturb'd, and everlasting ease.---

There's a soft line now, which aptly expresses what he wants.---For, notwithstanding all this, he has so vile an opinion of this world, and all its appurtenances, that he most heartily wishes himself in another---Nay he is resolved ---Step to the next chapter, and you will see the end of this resolution.

C H A P. XXII.

The very same discourse is farther prosecuted by the author, and brought to a conclusion.

'**W**ARE heads below there!—I am this moment going to take a flying leap from the *monument* into the other world, into a place of eternal ease and blessed repose.——But art thou sure of this, Mr. *Wagstaff*?—If not, methinks it will scarce be worth the while to take this long jump in the dark. Perhaps thy warm imagination has thrown in matter faster than reason could weigh it.—Before thou dost leap, remember it is easier to break a neck than to set it again.——Leave this world thou canst, but thou canst not return to it.—Thy life may be forfeited to law, as thou wert born under civil government, but it follows not therefrom that thou mayst throw

throw it away thyself. Thy renouncing the ties of society, or living in a desert, gives thee no right over that being which thou holdest not by human, but divine tenure. He who gave thee life gave it thee in trust, and how canst thou consider it as thine own property? If life be thy property, thou canst make thyself immortal here:----Canst thou do that?---No.-----How darest thou then venture into another world without a commission! Suppose inquiry should be made, Who sent for you? I am mistaken if thou wouldst not be put to a *non plus*.---He who quits his post when ordered upon pain of death to maintain it, tho' it be for what he thinks a more advantageous situation, will hardly come off well with his *General*. A life *well spent*, not *squandered away*, is thy title to a happy immortality.---Thou didst talk about legs and arms, and that too but idly. Remember, if thou cuttest off a leg or an arm, thou dost this with a view to the preservation

preservation, not the destruction of the remainder of thy body.—Besides all this, the going out of the world without a proper summons is, at the very best, to change a certainty for an uncertainty; and who but a fool would make such a blind bargain as that? Poverty, sickness, pain, and every earthly grievance thou knowest the worst of; but thou knowest not what evils may be reserved for discontented and ungrateful men in those regions thou, with more curiosity than prudence or piety, wouldst visit.—Furthermore, thy own account of thy worldly situation is comfortable enough: Thou art as happy as a state of imperfection will permit thee to be; and if not even the miserable, much less should others complain that they are not completely happy, in what manner and form, and just when they please.—Very true all this, *friend Kit*; thou never didst reason better in thy life, albeit thou hast talked in some sort like a *Quaker*!

Then

Then live, *Christopher* ! Ay, so I will,
 ---you may trust me.---Hands off !
 come down legs !---I won't turn such a
Turk, as to fly from the top of a tower,
 when I may civilly walk down stairs.

Which I did, and read the inscription
 round what I had been on the top of---
This protestant city, &c. O how envy
 grins there out of hell, to see it rebuilt,
 and flourishing again ?---I'll undertake to
 know a *Jesuit*, by bringing him to the
 monument and pointing up to those
 words, as easily as the devil by his
 cloven foot.---Look how he scowls
 and frets, and swears 'tis all as loud a
 lye as *Gunpowder-treason* !

Let him fret his gills out if he thinks
 fit, while *Christopher* steps down to the
Old-Swan, and takes water.---Stay,---but
 'tis against tide,--what if the mills should
 suck him in ? well considered.---An el-
 der brother's thread is generally twisted
 very delicately.---I have just declared
 against such a *long ramble*.---I'll to the

Stillyard---The tide runs strong---'Tis good to be sure---Come, the *Three-Cranes* is but a little further---or *Queen-Hitbe*---And now I'm here, 'tis but edging to *Black-Friar's* stairs, and then there's no danger; Ay, now let's see ---sure now we're safe---ben't we water-man?---See how the rogue laughs---but he does not know my value as well as I do, and what a loss the world would have if *Christopher Wagstaff* should be the food of fishes.

---So, 'tis very well, the boat is trim'd now---do ye see the bridge---what a thing it is---a street of flying houses---not quite so large though as that *Jesuitical-bridge* in *Cbina*, which father *Kircher* tells us of, from one mountain to another, above a mile long, and I have forgot how many broad ---but however such a bridge as a man had better go over than put off his stockings and shoes to wade through the river; though in truth 'tis a dan-
gerous

gerous place, for there are pick-pockets innumerable, almost as many as run drops of water under in a day---Therefore I'd advise every prudent man, who has any business in *Southwark*, if he has any charge of money about him, to leave it with the first beggar he meets at this end of the street, and call for it as he comes back again; or, if he be not in haste, any other time when he comes that way.

You waterman---*Triton*---element-thresher, hold water there, and land me at *New Thames-Street*, for I've a mind to go meditate in *St. George's Fields* for a quarter of an hour, and meet me again at *Lambeth* without fail for I intend (next chapter) to go to see the tombs at *Westminster*.

C H A P. XXIII.

The author begs the favour of the reader's company to the city of Westminster.

SO much at present for the famous city of *London*; which we will take a farther view of by and by. I love variety; I had never travelled else.

I am passionately fond of new ways and paths; else was I contented to drudge on in the old *bum-drum* way of describing cities, beginning at one end, and proceeding regularly to the other, how much more easily might I finish this mighty task?—But this is not my mark; I am for mixing the *pleasant*, the *profitable*, and the *surprising* together; and therefore I take this agreeable and unexpected method. I begin at the *'Change*, thence step to the *Tower*, then to the *Monument*—from thence half
out

out of the world; then into it again, next to the *water-side* — And now any man would have thought I propos'd taking a survey of all the palaces and buildings along the shore, the *Temple*, *Somerset-house*, *Savoy*, *Northumberland-house*, *White-hall*, and so to *Westminster* — No — This any one besides me would have done — But I take another method, or rather no method at all. — Away I walk meditating, as I told you before, and meet the waterman (without calling in to hear some certain prayers for some certain person), and then sowe — in I come upon *Westminster* before you ever dream'd of me.

This antient and noble city of *Westminster*, which was built near a plat of ground formerly called *Thorney*, from the brakes and thorns which then cover'd it, is now illustrious for its buildings, famous for its inhabitants, and render'd populous and remarkable by its seats of

law, and courts of justice — Now by this grave period, does the reader think I'm going to transcribe *Stow*, or some wise fellow or other who has written the history of *Westminster* — That very ugly or unhandsome reflection on me *Christopher Wagstaff*, Gent. (stand out of the way there) who never yet coloured old books, or new-bound 'em, to make them pass for originals, has altered my resolution; and you shan't hear one word more of the antiquity of this city, its founder, or any thing else but what I please; for sure I'm the master of my own subject, and may handle it as I chuse.---Don't let the reader trouble me with so many impertinent objections; for these unavoidably lead a man into digressions from the main subject; and then these digressions lead a man into farther digressions; for error is infinite, and the longer you wander in a wrong path, my shoes to yours, the further you go from

from the right, especially if they are opposite one to t'other. Not but that digressions are so far from being always faults, that they are indeed often pardonable, and sometimes a great beauty in any discourse.---But then they must be well turned and managed, they must come in naturally and easily, and seem to be almost of a piece with the main story, tho' they be never so far distant from it.----I love a digression, I must confess, with all my heart, because 'tis so like a *ramble*---but all this while what's a digression to *Westminster*?---Very much, for *Westminster* itself is but one great digression from *London*, as *St. James's* from that, *Kensington* from that, *Hammer-smith* from that, *Brentford* from that, *Hounslow-beath* from that, (never fear, I'll find it again, tho' you shou'd turn me loose blindfold into the middle of the common) *Salisbury* from that, (that digression's rather long than not) *Exeter* from that, (longer still) the *Mount in*

Cornwall from that, (longest of all)---the *Channel*, *Plymouth*, *Torbay*, *Portsmouth*, *Beachy*, *Deal*, *Dover*, *Thames-mouth*, *Graves-end*, *Mile-end*, from the *Mount*,—and so I have almost brought both ends of the city together, and you home again, before you could well crack the claw of a lobster.

CHAP. XXIV.

The author is gone to see the monuments in the abby. Will you step in after him?

AY—there is the door—pray come in, and see the tombs, and look upon the clock-work-fellow that shews 'em—all his motions are like those of the two fierce brazen sparks at *St. Dunstan's* dial; there's such gravity, such extreme deliberation in the vibrations of his hand and tongue, that you'd scarce believe him made of any more active metal than the monuments he shews you.

—Here

—Here li-eth in--ter'd (quoth he) the bo-dy of (the name worn out) great-grand-father to *Al-bi-on* the Great, monarch of all these real-mes, and *Cor-de-li-a* his wife ;—Nay,—thought I,—this is the way for us to turn monuments too, if we stay here 'till all's done ; so away rambled I by myself, to make new discoveries among the territories of the dead, and over-looked heaps of kings, dukes, and lords, (bustling fellows, I warrant them, in their time) and scarce allow'd 'em half-an-eye ; (so great is—somebody's soul) 'till whom should I meet amongst 'em all but the immortal *Cowley* !—Hold—here is room for contemplation—I admire the very monument.—How like is't to that great man to whose honour 'twas erected !---Here is nothing glaring and 'fantastic, but all proper, neat, natural, and modest ; and yet a certain air it has in it altogether, that the brightest monument round can hardly equal.

Cornwall from that, (longest of all)---the *Channel*, *Plymouth*, *Torbay*, *Portsmouth*, *Beachy*, *Deal*, *Dover*, *Thames-mouth*, *Graves-end*, *Mile-end*, from the *Mount*,—and so I have almost brought both ends of the city together, and you home again, before you could well crack the claw of a lobster.

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—Here

—Here li-eth in--terr'd (quoeth he) the bo-dy of (the name worn out) great-grand-father to *Al-bi-on* the Great, monarch of all these real-mes, and *Cor-de-li-a* his wife;—Nay,—thought I,—this is the way for us to turn monuments too, if we stay here 'till all's done; so away rambled I by myself, to make new discoveries among the territories of the dead, and over-looked heaps of kings, dukes, and lords, (bustling fellows, I warrant them, in their time) and scarce allow'd 'em half-an-eye; (so great is—somebody's soul) 'till whom should I meet amongst 'em all but the immortal *Cowley*!—Hold—here is room for contemplation—I admire the very monument.

—How like is't to that great man to whose honour 'twas erected!—Here is nothing glaring and fantastic, but all proper, neat, natural, and modest; and yet a certain air it has in it altogether, that the brightest monument round can hardly equal.

I should break out into a little extacy while weeping over his venerable ashes, and, in some passionate lines or other, tell the world its loss by the death of this excellent man.—But if *Phormis* durst not talk of war before *Hannibal*, thy very dust, O *Cowley*! has something in't so awful, that I dare not affront it with such poetry as mine.---However I may, I must again sacrifice some tears at thy incomparable urn---I must almost adore thee, and think that energetic spirit which ever shone thro' all thy works still hovers o'er thy precious relics, and can never *ramble* from them.

Live then incomparable man, live both without thy tomb and in it, or rather that in thee---Thou hast, thou ever wilt have a far better and a nobler monument; a *mausoleum* of thy own. Heroes shall learn thy *Davideis*, and with that ever keep thee in their breasts and memories. While love, while virtue lives, thy lambent flames shall warm the innocent

cent virgin's bosom. An hundred ages hence shall female mortals, reading of thy mistress, envy at once, and blame that unknown fair, that made thee sigh in vain---Nor shall that great name who paid this so well-deserv'd honour to thy ashes be ever forgotten; nor can *Buckingham* want a tomb, while *Cowley* has one,---and while they both live in the works of *Christopher Wagstaff*. There's panegyric for you, which all the inscriptions in this great church can't come up to---they are all but vile prose, or paltry poetry.

C H A P. XXV.

The editor insists upon taking occasion from this latter charge against the monumental poetry in the abby (be it ever so groundless) to insert a chapter for the use of certain MINOR POETS in these kingdoms.

THERE are an inferior set of *literati* in the commonwealth of letters, whom I shall take leave to distinguish by the name of *Half-classics*. These gentlemen in the *trade* of *wit* may be said to be *haberdashers* of *small wares*. They are for ever ostentatiously hanging out their *trinkets* and *petty commodities* at their *doors* and *windows* as it were, but have little or nothing *substantial* or *valuable* in their *shops*. They deal much in learned fragments, classical aphorisms, and proverbial sentences in all languages, and in company will *fire* upon you from an *artillery*

tillery of squibs for two or three hours together. But above all things they delight to display their art in *mottos* written, sculptured, or painted, upon houses, porticos, temples, arbours, utensils and moveables. &c. of all kinds, which they pique themselves upon as so many standing and indelible proofs of their skill and ingenuity. I know not how to convey to the reader a truer notion of the taste of these *Demi-geniuses*, than by giving him a short account of the house, gardens, and domestic apparatus, of a worthy friend of mine, who has no disagreeable quality belonging to him, if this predominant foible be not one.

In the front of the house, over the great door of the hall, is a bust of *Jupiter hospitalis*, and underneath this motto,

Ante omnia vultus boni.

Over the back front which faces a beautiful wood on the side of a hill is cut in capitals,

Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

As I entered the parlour the following letters of gold over the chimney immediately caught my eye,

Focus esto perennis.

Over the door of the withdrawing room was neatly carved,

Femineo generi S.

Upon the cellar door is inscribed, in pompous characters,

THE DRAWING ROOM.

Round the cornish of his library, which is embellished with pictures and heads of many eminent authors, antient and modern, on the three sides which are without windows, are cut the words,

Famæ — Melioris — Amantes.

Against his own bed's head is richly embroidered,

Happy pair.

Over the door of his wife's dressing-room (into which, by particular favour, I was introduced) was curiously painted,

Procul este profani; —

and

[III]

and upon the table, glass-frames, boxes, and almost every moveable in it, was sculptured,

Pro forma.

In short, every thing in and about the dwelling was decorated with a significant witticism by way of *motto*; the most remarkable, except the above, were, I think, these ———

On the outside of the door of *Cloacina's* temple,

Omnes eodem cogimur :

over the inner wall,

Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad

unam : ———

over an arch leading to a serpentine walk in the garden,

Regular confusion :

round a large urn out of which flows a cascade,

In omne volabilis ævum :

upon a label tied to the sensitive plant,

Noli me tangere :

over

over an elegant aviary,

No high-flyers here;
upon a snuff-box,

Petimusque damusque vicissim:
on the jack in the kitchen,

I rule the roast:
upon the bellows,

Dum spiro, spero:
upon the blade of the carving knife,

I am sharp set:
on the poker,

I keep a stir:
round the chamber-pots, on one side,

Omnium versatur urna;
on the other,

We must all go to pat:
— Such is the nature of my friend's

bobby horse (thank you Mr. Shandy); of
of which, if any thing can enlarge your

idea, it is perhaps the following ques-
tion I heard him ask the parson of the

parish—*Pray, doctor, what was the*
MOTTO to your sermon to-day?—With

this, and the leave of the fraternity, I
will

will take liberty to finish this chapter with a motto;—

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.*

C H A P. XXVI.

The author's upon honour.

—COME, let's be going—there's nothing else worth seeing that I know—Let *Thyn* lie where he is, 'till those who sent him thither come and weep over his tomb 'till they fetch him to life again.—Let *Queen Mary* rest in peace, if her conscience will let her.—Let *General Monk* keep possession of his closet, 'till his plaistered face be worm-eaten.—Let *Doctor Busby* try now to frighten *Syntax* into the scholars at *Westminster* school. Let *Fairborn*, who at *Tangier*—But, now we talk of *Tangier*—have you heard of the mole there?

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H

then

then the *Alcaid*---sand-hills---marine-regiments.---Well---the reader can't imagine what pains I take to curb this rambling fancy of mine to keep him company; but though I lean back to the very crupper, the jade starts, and winces about as if she had a nettle under her tail.---So---so---I'll stroke her, and see if fair means will do---She begins to be pretty civil, and walks peaceably along toward the *Parliament-house*, and the *ball*---but first let's call in at *Heaven* (here's a house of entertainment so called) and take a little soop by the way---that's soon done---now enter.---

C H A P. XXVII.

A pretty true account of Westminster-ball taken almost VERBATIM *from the author.*

BUT whither are we going? Here's a hole indeed—*Christopher* knows what to do with his life and property better than to venture upon such new discoveries—why it looks like the entry into *Okey-hole*, or the *Devil's* — of *Peak*. Let me see—Is't possible to get in *this way* without creeping upon hands and knees? Mercy on me, what black things with green wings are those that I see wandering up and down within, and appearing through the shades?—Sure they are no better than incarnate lawyers, among droves of poor deluded wretches dragging after them, out of whom they have sucked all their blood and substance, 'till they look like

ghosts indeed, and miserable one's too; for all the shapes of rage, fury, despair, and revenge appear in their faces.—

Well—this it is to have land and money.—Well fared old *Diogenes*—that happy snail, who always carried his shell about with him, and nothing else. Who ever heard he had a lawsuit with his landlord for dilapidation, or his goods seised for not paying rent, or his platters and porridge-pot for chimney money? But 'tis a known, thumb'd, sweaty proverb—*All trades must live*—and so must he who takes malefactors to task after the lawyers have done with them.

Will no spiders live in the roof of *Westminster-hall*? Be it so—yet the want is pretty well made up with venomous creatures below, who croud along so thick and numerous that there's no antidote against them but an empty purse.

What a whipster was this *Will. Rufus*, or rather what very *beef-eaters* have the yeomen of the guards been ever since

Adam?

Adam?—This hall, it seems, was built for them to eat in—and were it full to the top, and both sides cramm'd with sirloins and other choice pieces, turn in but half a dozen of them, and if they do not eat their way through—let them lie there. Observe the little grates, and nooks and corners (some call them *courts*) round about the walls—sure they were designed for butteries, or rather cupboards to this *monster* of a dining room.

What a hodge-podge of the world is here? Judges and bailiffs, and secondaries, and old women, and curates, and serjeants, and bishops, and young heirs, and shoes, and stockings, gloves, ribbands, rattles, and law books!—solicitors, pickpockets, attornies, whores, sempstresses, and honest women!—Hold—why hold——yes I say it, and say it again, honest women; for I was there once with *Judith*, and I am so charitable as to hope there might be one more virtuous one besides her.

O London, London!—(*Westminster* included) if thou art not one *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, thou yet comes pretty near it. Thou art a *Turnbul street*, and *Lewknor's lane* from one end of thee even to the other.

Westminster-ball r-g-es, *Channel-row* wh---s, *Whiteball* —, *Charing-crofs* wh---s, the *Strand* wh---s, *Temple-bar* and *Fleet-street* wh---s,—but none after you come within *Ludgate*; what—our end of the town polluted—our civil laborious citizens give their minds to any thing of that nature!—No, you never heard of such a thing. Not that I speak any ill at all of any place in the world by way of experience—no, all the world knows *Christopher Wagstaff* better (I mean all that do know me, and, you know, that is the same thing to me)--- I protest I am so far from having any vile propensities that way, that I never speak, or think, or dream of any female between this and *Turky*, but my
 dear

dear *Judith*.——You shall have her history, if you have patience, before I have finished this work. Well---'tis wonderful how forward some young women are (I mean, in their learning, Sir) in comparison of others.——Why, *Judith* (as you will see when you come to the chapter) played naturally upon the spinnet, the first time she saw one, and without the help of a music-master.--- There was an *ear* for you---and a *band* too if you go to that.——Well—but stay—Where am I? Ay—at *Westminster*.——You shall hear more of it presently.——I must just eat a bit of dinner.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The author proceeds in his ramble through Westminster.

THAT's the *Gate-house*—at the sign of the *Flying-shoe* there—see what we must all come to (to wear shoes I mean, not to angle with them)!—How many journies had this poor shoe wandered? how indefatigably had it rambled? for alas! 'twas all worn with labour, before it came to this sad condition. And yet after all, to come to beg bread in its old age! 'Tis a sad thing to think on.—And so much for my discourse upon the *old shoe at debtor's college*.——

Well, was I a privy counsellor, or a leading parliament man, among many other excellent projects which I should always be hammering out for the good of

of my country, I would certainly promote some law or other to prevent that inundation of beggars which overflow this plentiful country, and plague it more than the lice did *Egypt*;---for sure beggars with lice are a worse grievance than lice without beggars.

Towards so great and desirable an end that prince of most sweet hopes, King *Edward VI.* and this famous city (I mean the other city, for *this* is *Westminster*) have both proposed a very proper method, and given a glorious example.

They first sorted the poor into several distinct ranks and orders, or, as some say, ordures;---the poor by *poverty*, *casualty*, and *wickedness*. For the first sort they set apart (besides many other particular alms-houses founded by particular persons and companies) *Christ church* hospital, where so vast a number of fatherless children of both sexes are so handsomely provided for:

For

For the second—the hospitals of *St. Thomas* in *Southwark*, and *St. Bartholomew* in *Smithfield* :

For the third—*Bridewell*, the most necessary of all the three.

But now was I worthy to shoot my fool's bolt, I should think there's yet very much wanting towards regulating this famous city, and after their example the whole kingdom.

The first and main thing conducive to such a great end, would be a strict and just execution of the excellent laws in being against vagrants and vagabonds, gypsies, and other *strolling rambles*, who equally impose upon and injure their country.

How many hundreds (we might perhaps add another cypher) are there about *London*, whose whole business it is to maintain themselves at the expence of the public? What numbers are there who are enabled not only to live, but to live well too, by the contributions of
such

such who don't understand *giving* from *charity*?—Were there public work-houses provided to employ those sort of people, men, women, and children (for some sort of work even the last would be capable of) how much more honour, and strength, and profit, would thence accrue to the city and nation?

☞ Very true, very true, Mr. *Wagstaff*—but rather dull than not—Let's see—what's next? “For those who are really incapable——”——That will never do—I must e'en go to another paragraph—Oh!—we shall have something new here.——

But to consider a little the case of those miserable wretches whom the sight of the old shoe puts me in mind of—the prisoners for debt—with submission to the policy of almost all mankind and all ages, it seems an odd sort of a piece of justice to inflict the heaviest penalty next to that of death itself, namely, perpetual imprisonment, upon
mis-

misfortunes in many cases rather than crimes, and that for no wise end, or with a view to any good to be obtained by it.

If one rogue runs away with a great part of my estate; if another breaks, or another fires my house, and ruins me -- is it reasonable that for these miseries I must endure others, and be confined to a stinking dungeon all the days of my life, because I am so unhappy as to be in debt against my will? — And then of those who are imprisoned in this manner, is there one in ten who ever pays any thing the more? — Nay do not this frequently, make men desperate, and careless whether ever they come out again, or what they spend while they are there?

These as much deserve pity and charity, as another sort censure and punishment, who, when they have estates or lucrative employments, carelessly lavish all away in leud or riotous living; or a

second

second sort, who by their folly, heedlessness, and neglect of business and accounts, waste away their substance insensibly; or a third, more wicked than both, who get whatever goods or monies they can possibly scrape together, and then turn bankrupts, and run into prison as into *garrison* with all the spoils of numbers of innocent individuals, and industrious families inevitably ruined.

These last are infinitely worse than robbers upon the highway; and, I think, deserve, therefore, at least the same punishment.—But the only speedy way to prevent their villainy would be effectually to root out all those sanctuaries where they lurk—the *Mint*, *Whitefriars*, &c.—For would any foreigner believe, that the wise and excellent constitution of the *English* government would allow of places within its bosom where it has no power, where its writs and officers are no more regarded than they would be in *Japan* or *China*?

For

For the other sorts of bankrupts, made so either by carelessness or riot---it might not, perhaps, be amiss if the prudent custom of some nations were enfranchised here---namely, that of examining how every person lives at every year's end by public censors to that end appointed, at least how all such do, as are justly suspected either of sloth or debauchery——To such as offended on the worst side of the two, after admonition, corporal punishment might be usefully administered——For the other, a little more labour might in a great measure very much alter affairs in a few years, nor should we in all likelihood have our prisons so full, or our shops and houses so empty.

Well---if the world laughs and looks askint at all this grave council, and these painful thoughts which I have laid up together for their advantage not mine, why then---they be not worthy of it, and there's an end ; and so I will
 ramble

ramble on to somewhat else, after I have dropped four farthings into the *old shoe* I was talking of, and then left it, 'tis like, a penny better than I found it.—Between this and the *Privy-garden*, I went by a house where I heard a noise as loud as if a detachment from the infernal regions had taken possession of the mansion. On enquiring into the matter of a sober citizen, who seemed to be an unwilling auditor of this diabolical uproar, I was told the *Bacchanian club* were assembled at the house aforesaid, and that they held that night their quarterly meeting.---Upon which I took to my heels in order to get out of the purlieus of such unworshipful society.

C H A P. XXIX.

A chapter of the editor's concerning CLUBS, with an account of a modern one, is seasonably inserted here.

IT would, I imagine, be of little or no present use to inquire into the antiquity of *clubs*, or how far our modern institutions, which are called by this name, bear resemblance to the *symposia* of the ancients. 'Tis at least certain that, altho' these societies be allowed to be of classical original, the plans of them have been greatly enlarged and improved, and the laws and rules by which they are governed, rendered more clear, precise, and coercive, by the joint wit and wisdom of late generations. If the *Spectator* (who in vol. 1. no. 9. gives us an account of several nocturnal assemblies of this sort, and particularly of a *two-penny club*, of which he transcribes the rules

rules and orders) mentions these little establishments as things agreeable and useful in his days, what would that prince of *essayists* say to the wonderful improvements of the present age upon this important article of social life? What heretofore have been the main ends and designs of these institutions, we may learn from the following passage of that vivacious writer, (did you ever hear Mr. *Addison* called so before?) in the paper just referred to. "When men, says he, "are thus knit together, by a love of "society, not a spirit of faction, and "don't meet to censure or annoy those "that are absent, but to enjoy each other, "when they are thus combined for their "own improvement, or for the good of "others, or at least to relax themselves "from the business of the day, by an "innocent and chearful conversation, "there may be something very useful in "these little institutions and establishments." But how far beyond all this

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have these societies in our days extended their views, privileges, and constitutions? They undertake the cognizance of all national matters, as well ecclesiastical as civil; and, as parliaments and convocations represent the clergy and commons of *England*, these meetings may be said in some measure to represent convocations and parliaments. As if the old school-maxim were reversed, and it now run——

Omne minus continet in se majus;——

they enact laws, alter or repeal statutes, and rectify and reform abuses and grievances in church, state, and trade. What real influence they may have out of the bounds of their several fraternities, or whether any inconveniences may possibly arise to the government, from their thus assuming in a manner, and acting in a legislative capacity, I undertake not to ascertain; and shall observe only, that, abstractedly at least considered,

dered, such a plan is in itself of a noble, generous, and public-spirited nature, and that the members of these several little communities do generally value themselves as men of very great consequence accordingly. Some time ago, upon my asking a neighbour of mine to go with me to the *opera*, he in obliging terms told me he was sorry he could not attend me, but that he was under particular engagement at club the same evening, in order to assist at the repeal of the *uniformity act*.—Upon further inquiry I found the society of which my friend was a worthy member confined their debates and determinations wholly to religious matters; and consequently as they avowedly act upon none but *protestant* principles, there is no great danger of *their* doing a prejudice to the body *politic*.—The famous *Robin Hood society*, now or late in being, was universally acknowledged long since to be an innocent, laudable, and useful institution;

tution ; which, in this *land of liberty* and *good sense*, (as *somebody* very judiciously calls it) has asserted the *original rights* of nature and reason, against the insolent impositions and invasions of *gown-men*, and others, who had long taught mankind to *pace* in the *slavish trammels* of church authority.—However the club above mentioned seems, if possible, to be erected upon a plan more noble, useful, and extensive than even this.—As my friend favoured me with a sight of the laws and orders made for the regulation and good government of this society, I shall transcribe as many of them as will be sufficient to convince the reader of the nature and excellence of this *new* institution.

LAWS and RULES to be observed by the members of the RATIONAL SOCIETY, lately erected in vindication of the rights of nature, and for the support and preservation of true religion and good manners in this metropolis.

I.

No person shall be admitted a member of this society, unless he be by birth, or profession, a gentleman.

II.

No gentleman shall be deemed qualified for the office of *chairman*, who hath not heretofore been a member of one of the universities, at least one whole term.

III.

This society shall meet every *Friday* at seven in the evening, and sit *during pleasure*; provided all debates be always finished, and the table cleared, before day-break.

IV.

No profess *atheist* shall be a member of this society, except he can produce a certificate of his *civil* behaviour, and *conscientious* life and conversation, under the hands of the *chairman*, and two or more members.

V.

In case of a competition for the *chairman-ship*, the preference shall be given to the candidate who hath published any book or pamphlet in defence of the principles of this society, or against any received doctrine or usage of the church of *England*. And, if both the candidates are authors, the contest shall be determined by ballot.

VI.

If more than three members deliver their opinions at one time, the *chairman* shall interfere.

VII.

Every member, who *speaks* upon any subject shall address himself to the *chairman*,

man, standing ;—if it be before the hour of *twelve* ; after which any gentleman may give his sentiments *sitting*.

VIII.

No member shall be permitted to vote by *signs*, or *motions*.

IX.

It is ordered, that the freedom of debates may not be liable to obstruction, that no *officer*, who is or may be a member of this society, shall wear his sword in the club-room.

X.

The resolutions of the society shall be entered every night by the secretary in a book kept for that purpose.

XI.

If it shall appear by and upon the *oath* of any member of this society, (or the *word*, if the evidence be a profest *atheist*) that any member of the same hath been seen in a church, or other place of public worship, such delinquent shall *ipso facto* incur the penalty of expulsion.

XII.

A *common-prayer book* shall always lie upon the table for the use of such members as smoke; and a large *bible* shall be deposited in a proper place for the other occasions of the society.

XIII.

Every gentleman shall, upon his admission into this society, give it under his hand, that he will exert his best endeavours, in his sphere and capacity, for the procuring a general *liberty of conscience*, and exemption from the *laws*, commonly called, *divine*, throughout these kingdoms.

Such are the principal *rules and laws* of the society I have been speaking of, from which a reasonable conjecture may be formed of the importance and excellency of its institution.—As the *worthy* gentlemen who constitute this weekly assembly, seem to be unanimously agreed in their general sentiments and principles,

it

it is not so clear what are the subjects of their debates ; but it may be presumed, these turn either upon the *ways and means* of accomplishing the great and salutary ends of their institution ; or probably upon the ceremonies, punctilios, by-laws, and regulations of the fraternity ; or perhaps upon the rules and maxims of *honour* which are to take place when those of the *christian religion* shall be happily repealed

My friend informs me the club-room is adorned with handsome portraits of Mr. T—l, Mr. T—d, Mr. Ch—b, the author of the *Life of King DAVID*, &c. &c. and many other *wits* and *philosophers* who have signalized themselves by their learned, subtle, and judicious writings in defence of *truth*, and *infidelity*.—Herein the society no doubt had the *Ugly club* in their eye, mentioned by the *Spectator*, vol. 1, no. 17, whose club-room was embellished with the heads of *Æsop*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, and *Thersites*, &c.

Were

Were the soul's of men immortal, what unspeakable pleasure would it give the spirits of *Cranmer, Ridley, Goodrick, Cox*, and other divines of famous memory, to observe the *ax laid to the root* of that *popery*, by these *new reformers*, of which they had only lopt a few *luxuriant and superfluous branches!*

C H A P. XXX.

They who like the author's rambling better than his reasoning will prefer this chapter to the twenty-eighth.

WELL, we are now come to the *Privy-garden*; and pray, was not that king's jester a merry fellow, who sold this pretty little spot of ground, and that country 'squire a very country 'squire who bought it of him, to build houses upon?

Let them both alone to make up their bargain as well as they can, for we are

now

now got into *White-hall*, nor will we afford the poor desolate *popish* chapel so much as one *Ave Mary* as we pass by it.

And what shall we stare upon here? 'Tis scarce worth the while to tell you when 'twas built, and by whom, and what 'twas first called—*viz. York-palace*---as it might have been afterwards when King *Charles the Second* lived in it (*i. e.* if King *Charles the Second* had pleased) as well as before King *Henry the Eighth*, being burnt out of house and home at *Westminster*, remov'd his lodgings thither.

Every one in his way; let those who understand architecture admire the galleries, the banqueting-house, or new lodgings, which perhaps may be snug and convenient enough;—let others admire the pleasant new whirligig of a weather-cock, erected before the prince of *Orange* landed, that all well-wishers to their country might see when a *protestant* wind

wind blew—There are two things that please me infinitely more than all this, or all the fine pictures, arms, hangings, or any thing besides—and these are—The *much eating*, and *no fighting*—three hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels of wheat in a year, according to exact computation ;—very well—life has a lusty staff, and will hardly fall for want of bread ;—seven thousand sheep—very well ; fifteen thousand yoke of oxen—*Cujum pecus ?*—O beef-eaters! —Hens, pullets, and chickens innumerable—forty-six thousand six hundred and forty pounds of butter—a great many years ago—and butter is not less lov'd now than it was then—all this is very well—but what shall we do for drink ? Why a man will never choak where there are six hundred ton of wine, and seventeen hundred of beer broach'd in a twelve-month.

Sure if a certain monarch that was had lov'd good-eating and drinking as well

well as his brother, he would never have quitted this mansion, and all this excellent fare, to dine with the king of *France* upon broth and garden stuff, and almost starve his once royal body, without making his soul the fatter for it!—Well—the *Roman catholic* religion is too lean an one for me—and yet many of your papists, by some contrivance or other, are pretty crummy one's too—Did you ever read of a *cardinal* that died of a consumption? Well---I only ask the question--I tell you, I don't want to enter into a dispute about it.—Good morrow to you.—What do you think of a walk in *St. James's Park*?---Agreed---it is a curious place that's the truth of it---Sir, the canal, the carriages, the the statue, the owls, the walks, the Mall, the ladies, and fine gentlemen I saw there, quite dazzled my eyes, and put my modesty out of countenance.—So I e'en run the gantlet through them all, and made the best of my way to *Charing-cross*.

ring-cross.—Here I saw a great croud of people about a confectioner's or pastry-cook's shop, staring at a regiment of ginger-bread soldiers, who were besieging a paste tower in the corner of the window, which was defended by a general made of sugar, and other manducable ingredients.----It was humorous enough, so I staid staring and gaping there among them, 'till I was so hungry, that methought I could have devoured the fortification, and a score or two of soldiers into the bargain.---It was time to move off with my eyes well fed, but a stomach as empty as ever, to a cook's shop in the neighbourhood, where a good beef-steak cured my sick appetite better than a whole royal family of sweatmeats could have done. ---

C H A P. XXX.

The just-mentioned incident gives the editor an opportunity to recommend to the perusal of every true Briton, the following chapter—upon paste and patriotism.

IT must give every true lover of his country infinite pleasure at this time to observe, how amazingly the spirit of patriotism hath of late diffused itself among all orders of men and women, and especially those of rank, birth, and fortune. Whatever foundation of complaint there may be against the debauchery, licentiousness, corruption, and carnality of the age, I defy the greatest cynic in religion, or morals, to produce a period in all our history wherein this noble and virtuous spirit has been so universally prevalent as it is at this day. Indeed (with submission to every *theologist* appertaining to the tabernacle in

Moor-

Moor-fields, from the *preacher* to the *door-keeper*, I (speak it) our very vices, luxuries, and extravagancies are, in *this* respect, so far from being reproachable, (and therefore, by the bye, it is hard they should be *damnable* in *any*) that they to a great degree cherish and promote that national ardor, which a set of too sober, hum-drum, and musty maxims and morals would serve only to discourage and depress. How many pipes, hogsheds, barrels, kilderkins, and bottles of liquors of all colours, qualities, and denominations, have been exhausted within this year or two (to go no farther back) in copious potations to that glorious constitutional toast, — *Success to the arms of Great-Britain!* —

D-mn the French — down with 'em — said an honest acquaintance of mine t'other night, who was the greatest patriot in company by at least six bumpers, with an air of impetuosity which might become the *Marquis of Granby* himself at the

the head of the *British* cavalry.——In truth, next to the worthy personages, who, as we may say, are *actively* in the service of their country, by sea or land, and venturing limb and life in the defence of it, those deserve to be held in esteem and veneration, who are *op-tatively* so, and by all peaceable and domestic methods possible express their zeal for its reputation and glory.

I am credibly informed, a hearty *anti-gallican* gentleman in the country made as many of his tenants and neighbours dead-drunk with old beer, upon confirmation of the news of the reduction of *Martinico*, as there were *Englishmen* slain upon that occasion.——I own, I see not how he could have paid a handsomer compliment to these defunct in the bed of honour, unless he had so contrived matters that his *jolly victims* had *died* under so *patriotic* an intoxication!——Surely it must be a comfortable and animating consideration to

our military gentlemen abroad, to be told, how laudably their fellow-subjects at home intermix national and public spirited principles with their diversions, enjoyments, and festivities; and to what a degree of emulation they *eat*, and *drink*, and *dance* for their country!—*A-la-Martinique* is, it is said, become the favourite minuet in every genteel assembly in and near town; and, I am told, an eminent master is composing a new set of country dances, all against the *French* and *Spaniards*.—But what give the highest idea of the elegance and magnificence, as well as the sincerity, of modern patriotism, are those spectacles which have been exhibited at public entertainments, in which all the efforts of *wit*, *judgment*, and *paste*, have been exerted to represent in eatable materials the many defeats of our enemies, and the triumphs of the *British* flag.—It is not long since we had the agreeable and important news of the
taking

taking of *Belleisle* at the table of a nobleman of the first rank and taste, who hath long greatly distinguished himself by treating for the benefit of this nation! — This example has been followed with equal zeal and success; and it may be presumed, under the influence of this noble spirit the art of pastry will be soon brought to still greater perfection. — I am informed a very ingenious pastry-cook in the *Strand* hath a design of baking the whole house of *Bourbon* in a rich pie, to be served up at the Lord M-y-r's table the next publick feast; and that a brother artist has formed a still grander project of representing by his plastic power a sea-fight between the *English* fleet and those of *France* and *Spain*, and of actually blowing up the latter by means of some scented gun-powder artificially disposed; and that, in order to prevent the confusion and terror so unexpected a shock might probably occasion among the ladies, a signal

is to be given from the *British* admiral's ship a few minutes before the intended explosion.—I am aware, it has been said by certain disaffected, or mean-spirited people, who love their *money* better than they do their *country*, that the extravagance and profusion of these publick feasts is absolutely unseasonable; and that it must give every *prudent* and *considerate* man pain to reflect, that, whereas not many years ago a worthy brewer and magistrate in an *opulent* city of this kingdom hath been seen, even during his m-y-r-lty and in time of profound peace, eating a beef-steak, value at most 1s. of his own broiling, at an ale-house, for his dinner; one of his successors hath expended near 2000*l.* upon a single meal in the time of a *tedious*, *bloody*, and *expensive* war! What a ridiculous calumny is this! I would just ask one of these discontented gentlemen, Whether, when the king of *France* is informed of our patriotic entertainments, he will not be led.

led to conclude, either that the subjects of this kingdom are so wealthy that they will be able to support the present war an hundred years longer, or that they will soon be so extremely indigent that they will not be worth the conquering? and whether either of these notions must not in its consequences be salutary to *Great-Britain*?—In short, I am by all means for encouraging this spirit of animosity against the *French* in my countrymen whether drunk or sober; and think I cannot better conclude than with an anecdote relating to an honest friend of mine, who a few nights ago, being a little inebriated with drinking confusion to our enemies over the water, fell down among a heap of rubbish near the new building in * * *. In this situation he was accidentally found by a *French* valet, who civilly offered him his assistance. My friend had sense enough to discover what he was, and bid him go about his business for a *French* son of a bitch:

“ By gar me shall help you for all dat, *Monsieur*, if me shall,” said the *Frenchman*: “ By gar, returned my friend as well as he could, me will not be helped by any *Frenchman* in *Europe*; me will lie here all night,”—This answer deserves to be written in letters of gold.

C H A P. XXXII.

The author's account of a bookseller's shop.

NEXT door to the cook lived a bookfeller; so that after a man had filled his belly, it was but going a step farther to this shop, and he might give his mind a meal, if he had any craving that way.—You know I forswore the inside of a book one volume and many chapters ago; and yet I could not help taking a snap or so at a few title pages that lay temptingly under the window,—Methought, many people that pass by may take me for a scholar, when they
see

see me here ; and as great a fool as I am, I have no need to let every apprentice in *London* know it.—You have heard of —— han't you?—Well then I'll tell you.—As a certain reverend doctor was going along the street, says a gentleman to an arch wag that stood by him—pray mind that solemn, grave, hatchet-faced old fellow ; and yet to my knowledge he is an arrant dunce, and knows no more of *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew* than a dray-horse.—'Tis no matter, replied the other ; if he can but hold his tongue and keep that countenance, he will look like a scholar in the learnedst company in *Christendom*.—Now this very doctor's face in miniature I endeavoured to put on at the bookseller's window.—Pray, Sir, have you never done the like?—Well, but now let us see what we have got here.—Here seems to be as great a variety of intellectual food as there was of carnal at the other house.—a book of devotions—tracts political—poems on se-

veral occasions---the whole duty of man---
the Roman history—What a *bash* of religion, politicks, poetry, and history is here!—*The abdicated prince, or the adventures of four years; a tragi-comedy, as it was lately acted at court by several persons of great quality*---*The late revolution, or the happy change; an historical play, as it was acted throughout the English dominions in the year 1688*---*The royal voyage, or the Irish expedition; a tragi-comedy, as it is now acting in Ireland by the chief officers in his majesty's army*---A full and impartial account of the several contests and disputes among the wits of the last century.—Heyday, I could not help muttering, cannot your wits agree among themselves!—Not always, young man, cried a subtle fellow, I warrant him, who happened to overhear me: But I'll tell you a secret---this bookseller here has for some time employed two authors to write against each other upon a certain subject, with as much spleen
and

and animosity as the d-v-l or the pope bears against *Martin Luther*; and yet once a month they very lovingly settle accounts together, and go snacks in the profits of the controversy.—Nay then, thought I, if there is so much roguery among your wits, an honest fool has no occasion to be ashamed of himself; and so I took leave of these sham-combatants, and came away about my business.

C H A P. XXXIII.

The author proceeds in his history and observations

MY book's almost done; I find the bulk grows upon me; and yet I've almost three quarters of *London* to survey;---therefore away rambled I from *Charing-cross* as fast as if I had been mounted behind his majesty himself a-top of his black courser---and a little

little faster, for I've a fancy I can walk better than that beast, tho' scarce leap so well----for 'twas a terrible way from a deep cellar, I know not how many yards under ground, to skip up higher than a balcony.

I trotted on about a quarter of an hour longer 'till I came to *Somerset* house ; and being neither justice of peace, nor knight, I ventur'd in among 'em.

“ 'Tis a curious pile of buildings,
 “ erected by *Edward*, duke of *Somerset*,
 “ uncle to king *Edward the Sixth*, in
 “ the year 1549. It has a pleasant,
 “ tho' small garden, and some walks
 “ between that and the water's side, on
 “ which it's very delectably seated,” as
 a certain historian kindly informs us, and
 as you may see, if you'll take a pair of
 oars and go thither.

And pray do, for you'll have the advantage into the bargain of a view of the *Savoy*---that famous school of the *Jesuits*, to whom some (you may guess *how*) good
 Protestants

Protestants sent their children to be instructed (no Protestant or Englishman having learning enough for 'em) by that wonderful scholar *Poulton*, whose wit was so great, and memory so little, that he forgot the names of his own popes!

—Ah! poor catholics! what pains they took! how they sweated and tugged for their *Dagon*, while they were here! what seminaries and schools were they—like to have established! and after all, to be extirpated one and all, bag and baggage!—this was hard fortune; much harder than they deserved, who were so tender-hearted and indulgent towards *Hereticks*, that they never attempted to blow them up, or set fire to their houses, above *once or twice in one age*!—Let 'em go—we shall find some of them again at *Wild-house*;—but first suppose we step to the *May-pole*.—Alas! poor creature—how art thou humbled!—thou who wast as high as a steeple, and wert almost long enough to have made a walking-staff

walking-staff for the city's guardian angel as he rambled 'cross the clouds! —Thou hast worse luck than all the city besides thee—thus is age despised!—for whereas that is risen three or four stories higher, thou art taken down much lower than thou wert when thou wast first erected.

I won't say the world's honefter, for *Christopher* won't lie, but I'm confident 'tis wiser than 'twas formerly. Was it not fine work for one company of hot-headed fools to set up this stripling of a *May-pole*, and make a wooden god of him, singing and dancing, and not rarely fighting, and fudling, and whoring in his honour?—and were not another crew very discreetly zealous who made war against *May-poles* (and *Bear-baitings*), with as much earnestness and vigour as they'd have done against *Turk* and *Pope*, slashing and hewing the innocent timber where e'er they came near it?—But now

neither are people so mad for or against
it ;

it; but, as the poor justice said upon the point,---they that will have a *May-pole* shall have a *May-pole*, and they who won't may let it alone.---Well---as I was staring at the *May-pole*, comes by a fine coach, with a figure in it which I took at first for *painted wood* or *wax*, but was presently told 'twas one of the *Court-ladies*.---Lord! said I to myself, if this is a *woman*, what must my *Judith* be?

CHAP. XXXIV.

The editor is put in mind, by the last circumstance in the last chapter, of a letter received lately by a friend of his in the country from a relation at present in town, which, tho' relative to a character often delineated by masterly hands, bath, he apprehends, a peculiarity in it that will be acceptable to such of his readers as are enemies to affectation.

“ Dear Harry.

“ I Have been long enough in this polite town to be heartily tired of
 “ it. You was never more mistaken
 “ than when you told me the night before my journey, I was going *into* the
 “ world. Properly speaking, my friend,
 “ I am got *out* of it. The fine people
 “ in these quarters have times, seasons,
 “ customs, manners, sentiments, pleasures, anxieties, and sensations, peculiar
 liar

" liar to themselves ; and in respect of
 " these are a kind of *antipodes* to all the
 " rest of the creation.—You must know,
 " the capital point of high life is neither
 " to say, think, or act, like other folks.
 " A true-bred fine lady would not eat,
 " drink, or sleep, as we do, if she could
 " help it. In consequence of this, ex-
 " cepting in the articles of dress, cards,
 " routs, operas, and one or two more,
 " she is very ignorant ; or at least, seems
 " desirous to be thought so.—*Pray, my*
 " *lord, which way is the wind ?* said a
 " lady yesterday at a table where I had
 " the honour to dine ;—*well—positively*
 " *I could never tell which way the wind*
 " *was in my life.*——I cannot convey to
 " you a truer notion of general life, than
 " by giving you a full and particular
 " account of this very fine lady.——
 " *Ex una disce omnes.*—It was by much
 " the warmest day we have had this year ;
 " and yet upon the door's being acci-
 " dentally left open about two seconds,
 she

“ she solemnly declared, she should be
 “ *starved to death*.—Upon her ordering
 “ the coach, she was told the coachman
 “ was very much disordered with a pain
 “ in his head;—this she maintained to
 “ be *impossible*, for to be sure such a *crea-*
 “ *ture* as *he* could never have the *head-*
 “ *ach*.—She almost *blinded* herself with
 “ reading *two pages* that very morning,
 “ and had it not been for the assistance
 “ of the smelling-bottle would have ac-
 “ tually *fainted* that afternoon, because
 “ two chairmen had high words in the
 “ square.—Every language but the
 “ *French* and *Italian*, she thinks odious
 “ and barbarous; for, in her opinion,
 “ there is no *talking* out of the one, or
 “ *singing* out of the other.—According
 “ to her ideas of things, they are the
 “ most insignificant and contemptible
 “ people breathing who don’t eat off
 “ plate, or burn wax candles, or who
 “ dine before five o’clock; as, in her
 “ religious system, he is the most *abomi-*
 “ *nable*

“ nable and wicked wretch, who tears a
 “ fan, spills a dish of tea, or drops a
 “ snuff-box.—Mrs. * * *, said she, is a
 “ good sort of a woman enough, but a
 “ very poor animal, a mere nothing,
 “ an insipid spiritless creature; or, in
 “ other words, as I found upon enquiry,
 “ she pays her tradesmen, teaches her
 “ own daughters to work, and goes to
 “ church twice every *Sunday*!—Her vex-
 “ ations and her satisfactions are equal-
 “ ly extraordinary, and eccentric;—if a
 “ pin happens to be misplaced in her
 “ dress, she is *tormented to distraction*
 “ with that *thing* her woman; or, if a
 “ noble peer does himself the honour to
 “ drink her health at dinner, she is *in-*
 “ *finitely obliged* to him!—She sends once
 “ a quarter, at least, to her physician, to
 “ know whether she is not out of order;
 “ and goes as regularly to *Bath* every
 “ season, as the judges do the circuits.—
 “ She is excellently well described, in the
 “ *old rum* book which the house-keeper
 Vol. II. L “ has

“ has upstairs, under the character of —
 “ *the tender and delicate woman, which*
 “ *would not adventure to set the sole of her*
 “ *foot upon the ground for delicateness and*
 “ *tenderness.* — She is a thing almost
 “ *wholly passive; constantly fatigued with*
 “ *doing nothing, and frequently in mo-*
 “ *tion, by the help of her equipages,*
 “ *without stirring a limb.* — Indeed,
 “ *such is her daintiness that she may not*
 “ *improperly be said to be a sufferer*
 “ *even in her pleasures!* — She would
 “ *go to church in warm weather some-*
 “ *times, but there is so much low compa-*
 “ *ny, and the sermons are so long, and*
 “ *the prayers so tedious, that there is no*
 “ *bearing it; and besides she is at pre-*
 “ *sent quite out of humour with the*
 “ *parson of the parish, whom she looks*
 “ *upon as a precise, formal fellow, be-*
 “ *cause he refused to christen one of her*
 “ *ladyship’s children with orange-flower-*
 “ *water.* — She says wittily, the *Black-*
 “ *boys* (meaning the *clergy*) in *England,*
 “ are

“ are a set of as troublesome, imperti-
 “ nent fellows, as the *White-boys*, or
 “ *Levellers*, that have lately infested the
 “ kingdom of *Ireland*. — She has no
 “ notion of the religion of the vulgar,
 “ and longs to see a *short, elegant form of*
 “ *prayer* drawn up for the use of the
 “ *quality* ! —

“ By this time you have, I suppose,
 “ enough of my fine lady, and may
 “ have some idea of the felicity of a
 “ life which principally consists in ne-
 “ gatives ; — in eating and drinking
 “ without appetite ; — in laughing with-
 “ out being pleased ; — in spending time
 “ without using it ; — in contracting a
 “ numerous acquaintance without ma-
 “ king one friend ; — in shew without
 “ substance ; — and in pleasure without
 “ satisfaction. — You will guess how
 “ impatient I am under the *polite re-*
 “ *straints* my engagement at my Lord
 “ —’s keeps me, and desirous of
 “ bringing our matters to conclusion,

“ that I may come *into the world* again,
 “ and converse with reasonable crea-
 “ tures.

“ I am, &c.”

May 6, 1762.

C H A P. XXXV.

The author goes to Mass.

LET’S step up a little to Wit’s coffee-house, and present our service to Mr. *Laureat*—that was.—What, in the same religion for three or four years together! Indeed, Mr. *Bays*, ’tis unconscionable.—The farce will grow dull if you make no incidents.—Why there’s no more plot in this than in the *rebearfal*! —In your ear—Shall we take a walk to *Wild-house* together?—There’s a finer *Opera* to be shewn than any of your writing, not even excepting that you have pillaged from *Milton*; tho’ ’tis confest there’s a vein runs through all
 your

your own, and you make your *Grandmother* talk very *knowingly* for one so *innocent* !

By this time we are there; enter *Prologue*---*Beads*---*Whips*---*Mass-books*, *dark Lobbies*, and *Holy-water*.—Draw up the curtain---*Act the first, scene the first*.
—But hold---is there any distinction of scenes in a *Puppet-show*?—Enter *Priest*, *Scaramouch*, *Operator*, or what you please, with two or three small *Harlequins* like *Tumblers* or *Rope-dancers*, to attend his *merry*---*Holinefs*.—So---now it begins---D'ye see this small little tiny scrap of bread, gentlemen,---no bigger than a christning maccaroon?---Look upon't all of you---is it not bread, gentlemen?---Ay, bread, what should it be?
---Well---mark the end on't---keep your eyes fixt---By the virtue of *Hocus Pocus*---*Hiccius Doctius*---*Hey Presto*!---What is't now?---Why bread still:---Nay---then I'll be burnt for a heretick, as you deserve to be for saying so---why

'tis a man, an arrant man, (ay and *more* too) with eyes, and nose, teeth, blood, bones, and fingers, as you and I have.—Mr. *Bays*---did you ever see the like in all your changes?---Here's a turn without an alteration, a very pretty miracle where nothing at all's effected, but all things exactly in *statu quo*. ---Nay, but consider a little---softly---your eyes may be deceived---the senses often are so.----Dear Mr. *Bays*, let me take you a gentle tweak by the nose, and if you can't *feel* me, you shall persuade me I don't *see* that.---These are sacred things, and you ought not to make a *May-game* of 'em. ---They were sacred before you had the handling of 'em, but you have made religion nonsense, and faith foolery.---Your priest there is as absolute a *Merry-andrew* as any in *Smithfield*:---You have mauled your own religion so vilely that a man must not have one grain of spleen in his nature, or else bite his lips off, to see all this trumpery and not laugh at it

it.---How do all the grave persons then that are present with such great devotion?---Yes---observe how great 'tis; ---there's an old woman at once mumbling her beads and a piece of biscuit;---another with one hand on his mass-book and another on his next neighbour's;---another with his eyes turn'd up to the top of the crucifix, and his mouth whispering to the next patch'd lady that leans languishingly that way, and rests upon his shoulder;---a fourth most devoutly twatling his *Ora pro nobis*, and at the same time slipping a *Billet-doux*, or assignation-note, into a religious creature's glove, that all in tears beholds the gawdy idol just before her, but wipes 'em off to tip a promising wink to her as idolatrous *Inamorato*.----Whether all this ben't true, Mr. Bays, I appeal to your eyes as well as my own;---and sure there's no *Transubstantiation* in this case whate'er there is in the other.----Well, you are a harden'd, insulting heretick---

get you gone, and leave me alone to my devotion.----Agreed---for you are not worth lampooning ; having been flogg'd and jerk'd so long between *catholick* and *beretick*, that there's not one found inch left in body, soul, or reputation.—So---what's here ? the play-house !-----Nay that's as bad a place as t'other ; a world in itself, and a wicked world too ; so *Christopher* shall e'en jog on farther.

CHAP. XXXVI.

The editor takes occasion here to write a chapter of advice, or instruction to two very different sorts of people.

WHERE was you last night ?---said I to an acquaintance of mine, who is a passionate admirer of Mr. Garrick.---*I was at the play ; I went to see Garrick act * * * * **---Well ; what do you think of that play ?-----*Faith I know very little about the play---Garrick's performance*

performance was inimitable, that's all I know.---Garrick's performance! what is that to the plot, the sentiment, and the diction, &c. of the Drama itself? I should be glad to know something of these.---Should you? then you may read it; for to tell you the truth, when Garrick was off the stage, I was eating oranges, and looking round the house—There were several pretty women in the front boxes.---

Now I am apt to think, numbers of gentlemen frequent the theatres with the same taste and upon the same principles with this friend of mine.——There are, no doubt, and ever will be different degrees of merit in the several performers upon any stage whatever; but this merit is absolutely distinct from that of the written performance; and he who pays no regard but to the *personal* qualification of actors must in course be incapable of that improvement and rational entertainment, which the *Drama, as such*, is calculated to bestow.

It

It is in truth with wonder to be observed, that an audience will often fix their attention most absurdly, not only on a favourite actor, but on any thing else which is excellent in its kind, on a song, a dance, or a scene, and sit in a manner indifferent to every other theatrical transaction.—Among all its rants and extravagancies, *Nat. Lee's Rival Queens* abounds with lessons of morality; but these are all absolutely lost upon a set of people who repair to *Covent-Garden*, when this play is acted there, with no other view but to see *Alexander make his triumphant entry into Babylon!*—What numbers flocked to this house the last season to see the CORONATION upon the same principle, though every man of candor will allow the monarchal character was by no means injured by the representations of *Mr. Smith?*—The taste for this *spectacle* is really amazing. It was not long since a gentleman in a company, of which I was one, intimated

mated an intention of the manager of this theatre to revive *Sir Richard Steel's* comedy of the *Funeral*; upon which my next-chair neighbour cried out—*I hope we shall have the CORONATION with it!*

—I have before now observed a numerous and *polite* audience, after having sat with impatience through three acts of an excellent tragedy, beholding with transport a company of foreign dancers, whose whole and sole merit perhaps it was never to be out *at beels*.—Did you never hear a *call* of the *house* upon Mr. *Beard* for the *EARLY HORN*, in the intervals of a play, so loud and so vehement, that you was inclined to believe the dramatic *princes, heroes, counsellors, queens, and countesses* of that evening to be persons of very little consequence?

I need not pursue these reflections farther; but cannot help adding upon this subject, that players, or rather managers ought to take all possible care
that

that they do not themselves by indiscretion (which has been *sometimes* the case) abet and encourage, in some measure at least, that very inattention and indifference I have been taking notice of. This care, it is plain, consists in many particulars; but in nothing, I apprehend, more than in the judicious *casting* of the parts in a play, as the gentlemen of the stage phrase it. It has been usual to measure the excellence of a character rather by the *length*, than the *dignity* of it: And indeed it is right so to do, provided that even *appearances* are saved at the same time, and that *no* character of eminence and quality, if I may so say, be disgraced by a contemptible representative. *Inferior* characters (considered as *parts*) should never be assigned at random; and a proper regard ought to be always had to the *figure* of theatrical personages. The part of *Othello*, or of *Iago*, requires the talents of a *Garrick*; but does it therefore follow, that the

Duke

Duke of Venice may be decently represented by a *candle-snuffer*? I have myself, in my time, seen, at the *Theatres Royal*, many persons of great name, both in antient and modern history, creeping along the stage with their hands in their pockets, like taylor. — These improprieties call to my mind a glaring one I was once witness of in a country town, where *Julius Caesar* was acted by a company of itinerant comedians. The principal parts, those of *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Antony*, were tolerably well performed; but it gave me a kind of comical disgust to see the noble conspirator, *Cassius*, upon his knees, and humbly making the following petition,

Pardon, *Cæsar*, pardon; —

As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall, &c.

to a *one-ey'd fidler*, who, upon this occasion, unhappily represented the emperor of the world. — Great indulgencies are due to the necessities of such vagrant performers;

performers; and therefore I take leave to publish this anecdote only by way of *hint* to the *upper houses*!—I will finish with remarking, that as the players cannot be too careful on their side to engage and keep up the attention of their audiences, by all possible means and precautions; so, on the other hand, let *them* be ever so deficient, good sense, fine language, and noble sentiments, are worth hearing at *any* time, and from *any* speaker.

C H A P. XXXVII.

Another incidental chapter by the editor, not upon plays, but upon one strange consequence of them!

MANY are the arguments which have been urged *pro* and *con* upon the subject of stage-entertainments. I shall not enter here into the merits of the cause, but only declare myself to be
in

in the number of those, who are advocates for them under some *wanted* regulations; which would render them indisputably useful to social and domestick life. However I take this argument in hand at present, not with a design to consider it in a serious or philosophical light, but with a view to certain persons, who, if they are neither *morally* better nor worse for their frequent attendance (I may call it) at the theatres, are yet made arrant coxcombs thereby. A kind of stage-pedantry almost totally infects their looks, manner, voice, and common conversation. They are actors in real life. The affectation I am speaking of is, by the way, very observable in players themselves, in whom it is, for the most part perhaps, rather diverting than offensive; and may in a great measure be accounted for *habitually*, as it were, from principles and attachments common to all professions.—

The

The celebrated Mr. *Booth* was, it is said, as much a monarch off the stage, as he was on it; so that the gentleman who saw him one day going into a poulterer's shop, said humourously enough, *There's King Harry the eighth cheapening a couple of rabbits.*—The late *Laureat's* repartee, to the same gentleman, upon his desiring his assistance to help him out of the ditch he had accidentally fallen into, deserves remembering upon the same account.

The gods take care of Cato.

But to return to the person I have in my eye; with a short account of whose histrionic quaintness I mean to illustrate what has been advanced in the beginning of this chapter.

If this gentleman happens to meet an acquaintance upon the road, or in the streets, he accosts him with,

Guide of the faithful, oracle of truth,
Sage Mufti, hail, and welcome!

Then

Then 'tis odds but he takes him by
the hand, and cries

O Pylades, what's life without a friend ?

If a tradesman brings him his bill, he
looks him in the face, and repeats,—

Make thy demands to those that own thy
power,

Know I am still beyond it ;—

and then pays him the money.

When he is at dinner, he will fre-
quently address himself to a fricasee, or
a pudding, in the following terms,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee—

As soon as the bottles are put upon
the table, he rants like an *Alexander* ;—

Gay as the Persian god ourself will stand,

With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand :

Young Ammon and Statira shall go round, &c.

If he is called upon for a toast, he
ushers it in with a dramatic rapture ;

O woman, lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man: we had been brutes with-
out you.

Angels are painted fair to look like you, &c.

“ I give you Miss ***.”

When he salutes a lady, a tragical
transport seizes him, and he cries out ;—

How I could dwell for ever on those lips !
So soft by heaven and such a juicy sweet,
That ripen'd peaches have not half the flavour.

If a single string of a fiddle is touched,
or a key of a harpsichord, he immedi-
ately cries,

If music be the food of love, play on.—

Should a gentleman, in heat of wine
or passion, chance to let drop an oath,
he will that instant rebuke the *prosaical-*
ness of it, with a——

—— Whip me ye devils !

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in sleep-down gulphs of liquid fire !

When

When he takes his leave of his friend,
he does it with the tenderness and so-
lemnity of a *Brutus* :——

For ever, and for ever farewell *Cassius* !

If we should meet again, then we shall smile,

If not, why then this parting was well made.

He has frequently disturbed a whole
neighbourhood, in the dead of the night,
by bellowing thro' the streets,

—— What ho, *Brabantio* !

Look to your house, your daughter, and
your bags !——

If he takes a jaunt in a post-chaise,
his constant exclamation is ;——

Gallop apace ye fiery-footed steeds

To Phœbus mansion ; such a waggoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west, &c.

Or, if he calls for his horse at an inn,
it is in the stile, and with the impetuo-
sity, of King *Richard* in the tragedy :—

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

If a lady looks out of a window, as he is passing by,

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Or, if he sees a poor old woman upon the road, she is the *witch* in the *Orphan*. Every country looby he meets is one of *Shakespear's* clowns; every miller is the *Miller of Mansfield*; every foldier is a *Serjeant Kite*; every pretty girl at a public house is the *Fair maid of the inn*; and every landlord is *mine host of the Garter*! In short, he appears in more characters within the compass of a dozen hours, than *Garrick* himself does in a twelve-month, and of all men living has the best title to that old theatrical motto—

Totus mundus agit Histrionem.

This is fully sufficient to give you an idea of him; and therefore all I shall say further of him, or to him, is this;—that, as *nature*, (that truly wise *manager*) has assigned every man his *part* to *act*
upon

upon the *stage* of human life, he who takes care not to be *out in this* (as they seldom will who listen to that excellent *prompter, discretion*) will gain more solid *applause* from the world than all the players that have existed from the time of *Roscius* to this present day.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

The author proceeds in his rambles.

NOW for the *Temple*—but I met with all the lawyers at *Westminster*—Alas! there's nothing here now but a few solitary wh-r-s wandering from one staircase to the other, as a bird flutters about a tree when her young ones are ravish'd from her.

Fleet-bridge, I had rather go over thee than tumble into the ditch.

Ludgate! I am out of debt, and so can boldly pass through thee.

'Ware *Bridewell*, and we are got safe to *Paul's*.—What a building! One would think 'twere built for the *universal church* to meet in.—Will it ever be down again?—Let any traveller, who comes to see this glorious structure, look for *Christopher Wagstaff's* name; and if he does not find a thousand guineas subscribed by him towards finishing and beautifying the inside of it, let him be so kind as to do it for him, and and trust to his honesty for payment.

What's next?—*Paul's Church-yard*.—Hey-day! what's that over the shop-door yonder?—*Teeth taken out, cleaned, and replaced by S. M.* What! shall man mend G—d's works?—I will get out of this heathenish place as fast as my legs can carry me, and next out of this chapter.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The editor differs here in sentiment from the author, and humbly recommends the following chapter to the consideration of the balt, the maimed, and the blind.

IT has been often mentioned, to the discredit of a very eminent surgeon, or chirurgeon (for you may depend upon it the latter is the proper word) who, pretending to have more wit than his maker, found, or thought he found, many flaws in the structure of the human body, and could have made, according to his own account, a *set of guts* much more suitable to every animal purpose, than what we now carry about us. This presumption very justly drew upon him the censure of all serious people, both *clerks* and *laymen*, who were unanimously of opinion that he was not half so good a *christian* as old *Galen* the

apothecary. Had this famous adept (who of all REVIEWERS was doubtless the most *impertinent*) contented himself with *curing* instead of *carping*, he had deserved much better of mankind. How much more laudably have certain operators or artists of less *ability*, but withal of less *pride* than he, been of late days employed in contriving remedies against many of the infirmities that *flesh is heir to*, (as you know who says, to be sure) and in *repairing* the human *fabric* when brought into the most *ruinous* condition by age, sickness, war, or any other accident or calamity? I am confident it may be with great truth averred, that the ingenious *mechanics* I have in my eye (for these gentlemen undertake no case 'till the *patient* is happily out of the hands of the *physician* or *surgeon*) have brought their art to such perfection by the most indefatigable diligence, and understand so exactly the several parts and proportions of the human frame, that they can re-
 pair

pair all damages, and supply all defects, in any *living* body whatever. They are, like *Job*, (if I may be allowed the comparison) though in a different sense, *eyes* to the *blind*, and *feet* to the *lame*. They accommodate gentlemen and ladies with *arms*, *noses*, and sets of *teeth*, &c. as they may have occasion. It is not long since I heard a brave old officer of my acquaintance declare, that of all the *parts* and *members* that belonged to his *body* he had not one half which he was *born* with; and that, one eye, one arm, and his ears excepted, he was absolutely compounded of *glass*, *ivory*, *oak*, and other materials.—But I know not how to do justice to this excellent art, which thus counteracts in a manner the rage of violence, and obviates the decays of nature itself, better than in the words of the following NOTICE, which an ingenious neighbour of mine, who *makes limbs*, &c. for all this part of the town, has

has requested me to communicate to the public.

RALPH MENDAL, MAN-MAKER and JOINER, begs leave to acquaint the nobility, gentry, and others, that he has now a large stock of *eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes, arms, legs, noses, teeth*, and all other *animal furniture*, of exquisite workmanship, and of all sorts and sizes, which he will sell upon the most reasonable terms. — His *eyes* are remarkable for keeping their lustre, and look as well as any natural eyes in *England*. — He will warrant his *teeth sound*, and able to eat any *puddings, fish, or white-meats* with the greatest safety. — His *noses* are of an *entire new* invention, and will *sneeze, or take snuff* at the pleasure of the wearer.

☞ He *makes and mends ladies' complexions*; rectifies *shapes*; and has lately prepared an excellent *cosmetic lotion*, which

which *preserves* the *hair*, and *sweetens* the *breath*; or, if taken inwardly, wonderfully *cleanses* the *stomach*, *bowels*, and whole *intestine* system, without causing sickness, vomiting, purging, or any physical effect whatsoever.

N. B. Mr. MENDAL is just arrived from *Paris*, where he had an opportunity of purchasing the following commodities (not the worse for wear) which will be sold under *prime cost*.

A left *eye*, worn many years by a princess of the blood at *Versailles*, and written upon by the best poets and ode-makers in the court of *France*.

A right *band* and *arm*, late in the possession of the Duke of * * *, which will hold a *fiddle-stick*, or a *sword*, &c. or *band* a lady to a coach, &c. in the most *easy* and *natural* manner.

A curious pair of *legs*, richly *painted* and *gilt*, and well *calved*; which the late

late Marshal ****, who lost his two first at the battle of ***, *walked* to court with in the year one thousand, &c.

* * An *odd ear* to be sold cheap, which was made for a gentleman of great property, who lost one of his natural ears in the pillory in 17 &c.

C H A P. XL.

The author concludes, and that very civilly.

AT last I am got to *Cheapside*—It grows late; it has been a pretty long walk—The sun is down and the lights are up, like half a hundred suns together.

Let's see—*Bow-church*—*Mercer's-chapel*—*Guild-hall*—Hold while 'tis well. 'Tis time for every honest man to be at home; and, therefore, here will I set up my staff, and ramble no longer this bout, having

having brought you through the city to the *Exchange* where I first set out.

And now, that none may say *Christopher Wagstaff* is uncourtly, he'll make a leg, and doff his hat before he parts, and then you are very welcome, gentlemen.

If the world be but so just to the author, and so kind to itself, as favourably to accept this first essay of his juvenile rambles, which must of necessity be the most barren part of all, honest *Christopher* promises by all he values in this world, by his own honour, and by the love of *Judith*, to have another volume out by the latter end of next term at farthest, comprehending an exact and pleasant account of what happened to him (and many others) during his seven years' apprenticeship;—of all the hardships some 'prentices endure; and of all the ways taken by men and women to ruin them; and lastly, of all the brave things the *London* 'prentices have done

done from him that killed the two lions
down to,

*Your most obsequious
and pedestrious servant,*

CHRISTOPHER WAGSTAFF,

C H A P. XLI.

*A silly, whimsical kind of a TORY chapter
by the editor. Being the most congratula-
TORY, explanatory, dilatory, ex-
postulatory, interrogatory, valedic-
TORY, and peremptory chapter in all
this work.*

Gentlemen and Ladies your most
obedient!—I heartily wish you
and myself joy of our arrival at the con-
clusion (an orator would say, perora-
tion) of this volume. For now, you
know, we have nothing to do but to
talk the matter over a little, and wish
one another a good night.—Pray, can
any

any of you inform me where the REVIEWERS live? If I knew, I would certainly send them *half a crown* a piece by way of *busb-money*.—Indeed, sir, I would not—it was only a slip of my pen—I ask ten thousand pardons—(if you think in your conscience those too many, you may let me have two or three hundred of them back again) I would not be guilty of *bribery and corruption* in a *tory* chapter for the world!—Well recollected: I must go another way to work.

The humble petition of, &c. &c.

No—I'll see them hang'd first!—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a description of *one, i. e. of all*, of these REVIEWERS, as *just and elegant* as any character in *Clarendon*, or as that of *Catiline* in *Sallust*.—*Catiline*, you know, was a *wise* fellow who undertook to *review* the commonwealth of *Rome*.—

A REVIEWER, sir, is a judge of that court of *inquisition*, which takes authors

to task of all ranks and denominations. He *condemns* and *executes* most *unmercifully* all *heretics* in literature, viz. all who are not of his *own faith and persuasion*. If they do not *plead guilty*, he puts them to the *torture*, by *straining* their *expressions*, and *wrenching* their *meanings*, to his *own sense*. Some he sentences to the *flames*; others to *perpetual imprisonment* in garrets, and the upper shelves in book-fellers' shops.—He is the reverse of the *JUSTICE* of the ancients; for, whereas she was *blind*, he has as many *eyes* as *Argus*; which he makes use of, not, as that *cow-keeper* did, for the *guardship* of *beauties*, but for the *discovery* of *faults*. He is a professor of *all* languages, but a master of *none*. He has *much* acrimony in him, a *little* wit, and *less* judgment. He often commends at *random*, and blames by *caprice*. He hath various *forms* of *praise* and *censure* by him, which he refers to and applies upon different occasions. He hath a small *set* of *infallible*

lible and *general* rules, and hath in a manner reduced the art of criticism to *mechanical* principles. He is—every every thing that *pride* and *peevishness* can make him.

☞ I would recommend it to all authors to get this *picture* of a REVIEWER at *full length*, neatly framed and gilt, as an excellent piece of furniture over his study-chimney.—Well, Mr. REVIEWER, how do you find yourself now? Don't your bones ach after all this thumping, and beating, and bruising? Now you may guess what many a poor devil has suffered under *your mutton-fists*!—You will be even with me, I warrant, for this about *August*—ay, about *August* next.——

“Of all the vile, ridiculous imitations of *Tristram Shandy* ***—” Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw—it will never do—every thing you say must, in *this* case, be demonstrably dictated by *passion* and *resentment*.

—You can't be *supposed* to be *impar-*

tial.—I am *beforeband* with you.—I have *nick'd* you.—You *must* either say *nothing* about *this* performance, or speak in its praise.—I don't care one half-penny which.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—I have a strong inclination for *once* to write gross, palpable nonsense, on purpose to shew all mankind how much I have you under my thumb!—Neither will I stop *here*; I will write *epic poems, tragedies, comedies, histories, illustrations, treatises of philosophy*, and what I please hereafter in spite of you.

And so good-morrow to you, poor Master Reviewer! Hold—stop—hark you—one word more before you go—I intend this minute to *review* this work *myself*—So—take the *aforesaid* in what light you will, you need not give yourself any trouble about it.—Servant.—

Courteous reader, I do upon the word of a man, and the credit of a writer, give it as my firm opinion (after having carefully revised the foregoing sheets)
that

that, if some *few* of the author's chapters had been *omitted*, or at least *retrenched*, the book would have been the better for it—I say, the book—because, in this case, the printer, with all his cunning, could never have made *two* volumes of this business! This is one *scrape* among many that Mr. *Tristram Shandy* has led me into.—Did you never observe the menial interstices at an ostentatious entertainment filled up with shavings of butter, half a dozen pickled mushrooms, and two or three cucumbers? But for this contrivance, you must be sensible, you could not possibly have had *two* courses.—The artifice is the same, the principle different, with respect to a modern publication!

Dear Jack!

“ You would have heard from me
 “ long before now had I not been em-
 “ ployed in a comical sort of an affair,

“ of which I will give you some ac-
 “ count.—You will soon see adver-
 “ tised a book intituled—*The Life, Tra-*
 “ *vels, and Adventures, of Christopher*
 “ *Wagstaff, Gent. Grandfather to Trif-*
 “ *tram Shandy* ; of which, you must
 “ know, your humble servant is the
 “ editor. I accidentally met with it the
 “ other day under a different title, and
 “ upon perusing it found it very much
 “ like *Tristram*, and a thing laugh-
 “ able enough for this *bumbuggable* ge-
 “ neration. So I soon resolved to re-
 “ vise and correct it, and make some
 “ additions of mine own to it, and send
 “ it to the press, in order to be pub-
 “ lished in two twin volumes as soon
 “ as possible. And these additions are
 “ a strange pack of stuff indeed ! They
 “ consist of separate little essays upon
 “ any subjects which came into my
 “ head, so they were funny ones. I
 “ have not a foul copy of one of them ;
 “ for

“ for not one of them was wrote twice.
 “ You will think I hold the readers
 “ and critics of this age very cheap;
 “ and, between friends, so I do. Is
 “ there one man in a hundred can tell
 “ you *why* he likes *Tristram Shandy*?
 “ and yet, *quam sibi sortem*, what luck
 “ *the d-g had*, as the school-boy said.
 “ Any thing *queer* has a chance to

Hold, hold Mr. Printer, what a-duce
 have you been doing here?—You have
 been printing a *private letter*, which was
 sent you by *mistake* with the copy!—
 Well—now it is there, e’en let it stand
 —such a work as *this*, is at most but
 an inconsiderable article in the account
 of *Reputation*.—I wish every man who
 writes for his *diversion*, would be inge-
 nuous enough to *confess* it.—

Is it not hard a man can’t make him-
 self, and his neighbours *merry* in *this*
 way,

way, but he shall immediately be liable to the animadversions and scoffs of a parcel of *priggish* fellows, who *affect* to consider him as an *ambitious* candidate for literary glory, and a rival of every wit and genius since *Adam*?—I must have another slap at you, *Messieurs*.—*A plague on all critics, I say still.* Or suppose a poor toad writes for *bread*, shall an uncharitable, hard-hearted d-g of a REVIEWER give him a *stone*? What!—knock him on the head for being hungry?—I positively insist upon it, every *honest, pains-taking* man has a right to a competency, whether he be author or artificer; and I could wish to see a fund established for the maintenance and support of needy writers, that those who deserve *nothing* for their *wit*, might however be *paid* for their *trouble*!

Pray, Madam, make yourself easy—I shall not detain you much longer—I have

a word or two to say to my Printer, and then I shall take my leave.

Perhaps the author hath more *errata*, *delenda*, *corrigenda*, and *desideranda*, than have yet in effect been acknowledged ; — unless there be more *wit* or *satire* in him than I (or you, Sir, as sagacious as you are) can discover. — The editor likewise abounds with inelegancies, omissions, redundancies, plagiarisms, blunders, contradictions, absurdities — Hey ? — you are satisfied with this confession. — — Why then, *you*, Mr. *Typographer*, hold up your hand — *you* stand indicted for feloniously and inhumanly *maiming* and *murdering* good *christian letters*, and *lawful grammar* in the places following :

Vol. i. preface, page 12, l. 14. — which *accidentally* fell — Had this word been printed right, though but *accidentally*, you had got rid of one charge.

Page

Page 19, l. 5,—quasi of *jesture* and feature—If this blunder was made for the nounce, which I shrewdly suspect, I desire the reader to take notice, that this is *your jest*, not *mine*.

Page 24, l. 17,—the more pain the more *constant*—If the reader cannot make sense of this passage, as it now stands, 'tis to be hoped you will give him *content* in the next edition.

Page 28, l. 11 and 18,—has *so* much ado—pull'd to *take* him. This printing is but *so so*; and if you had not been *asleep* yourself, the countryman (who was no *constable*) would have pulled to *wake* the doctor.

Page 34, l. 15.—*complimental* productions—Sir, there is as much difference betwixt *complement* and *compliment*, as there is between a *hollow* cask and a *full* one.

Page

Page 148, l. 7, — *infinite* divisible—
You may here make an alteration will
infinitely please me.

Vol. ii. Page 4, l. 1. — adept in *Tbo-*
*nic*s — *Tbonics* shall stand to puzzle the
under-graduates of the two universities.

Page 21, l. 5, — my mother fell sick.
— *and then that my mother, &c.* it should
have been, had you had a proper regard
for your *mother-tongue*.

Ibid. l. 19, — I *slept* over — what
taken *napping* again!

Page 86, l. 7, — he must be *mined* — I
said *ruined*, which is at least *clearer* sense
than yours.

Page 106, l. 5, — if *Pbormis* durst
not — a gross *misnomer* — The gentle-
man's name was *Pbormio*.

Page 118, l. 3,—*thou* yet comes—
ah! what wilt *thou* come to!

Page 159, l. 18,—notion of *general* life
—So far is *genteel* life from being *general*,
that here, Sir, you are *particularly* mis-
taken.

These, Mr. Printer, are your *principal*
errors; and as there are some few *ca-*
pital mistakes among them, they are,
by order of the court, to be sent to the
house of *correction*.

Turn back to *volume the first*, page
58, l. 8, and then tell me—whether a
dumb man can say *Bo* to a goose?—
This query I leave to be resolved by
any naturalist of the *r-y-l society*, or by
the authors of the *Ladies' Diary*.

Query 2d. Whether it be necessary
there should be a connection between
one

one query and another in any supposed series? if not,

Query 3d. Whether it would not be an excellent clause in the *G-me-act*, that should forbid any m-mb-r's shooting, or hunting during the session of p-r-l--m-nt?

Query 4th. If a gentleman loses 10,000*l.* at a horse-race, is this to be considered as an argument of his *avarice*, or of his *prodigality*?

Query 5th. Is not this an odd conclusion of a book?

F I N I S.